

May 1964

NAMRATĀ

The Inspiration of Sacred Days

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

At Home With the Unconscious

SARBESWAR DAS

The Buddhist Influence on Strindberg

DUDLEY GLASS

The Romance of the World's Great Rivers

ROY BRIDGER

Like a Wolf on the Fold

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THE ARYAN PATH

VOLUME XXXV - NO. 5

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however dimly and lost among the host —
as does the Evening Star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and
lost among the host — as does the evening star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

— *The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XXXV

MAY 1964

No. 5

✓ THE INSPIRATION OF SACRED DAYS

नमो तस्स भगवतो अरहतो सम्मा सम्बुद्धस्स ।

Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammā Sambuddhassa

Salutation to the Blessed One, the Holy One, and the Fully-Enlightened One!

TO ALL STUDENTS OF THEOSOPHY this month is a very special one as White Lotus Day is always on 8 May. In 1891, on that date, their Teacher, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, left her body. At the first anniversary observed at Adyar in Madras, the decorations were white lotuses, and, ever since, the anniversary of her death has been commemorated as "White Lotus Day." It is for her pupils a wondrous Day of Rededication. W. Q. Judge describes H.P.B.'s mission thus:

Her aim was to elevate the race. Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step, to seek out and educate a few, who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Science and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity," could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom.

May White Lotus Day this year shed its radiance upon many!

But this year the month of May acquires additional lustre and deeper significance because of another Blessed Day. The Full Moon Day of the Hindu month of Vaiśākha is popularly called Buddha Pūrṇima, the Full Moon of Buddha. This Day is a thrice-sacred one, marking as it does the triple anniversary of the Birth, the Enlightenment, and the Passing Away of Lord Buddha. It falls this year on the 26th of May and on that Day Buddhists, as also non-Buddhists who revere the Great Enlightened One, will celebrate the sacred festival and pay homage to His memory.

Although over 2,500 years have rolled by since Lord Buddha preached the Doctrine, His Teachings are still alive, and in recent years there has been a remarkable growing interest in Buddhism, as a philosophy and a way of life. H. P. Blavatsky's works have made a substantial contribution

to this revival, and on this occasion we should remind our readers that the present Theosophical Movement in the early years closely associated itself with the cause of Buddhism. Gratitude to the Gurus, the Teachers, expresses itself best when it inspires in us the endeavour to follow in Their footsteps, humbly and reverently: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after . . .," as St. Paul says.

That "following after" is an inner process, for the way lies within the consciousness of each, and primarily within the mind. It is the mind which anon damns us and anon blesses us; which is our tempter, but also our Redeemer, our intelligent Liberator, and our Saviour. H. P. Blavatsky rightly said:

Higher and Lower Manas are figured allegorically as the two inseparable companions of man through life, the one his Guardian Angel, the other his Demon.

And Lord Buddha taught:

In whatever way a hater may harm him whom he hates, or an enemy may injure, even more vitally, his foe, yet greater still will the mischief be when done by an ill-directed mind.

Neither father nor mother nor kindred can confer greater benefit than the well-directed mind. (*Dhammapada*, III. 10, 11)

And so we must revert to the taming of the mind. For no subject is of greater practical importance. In Buddhism, as in Theosophy, all things depend upon the mind and are never outside it.

In our last we mentioned the triple way, of Precept, Meditation, and Wisdom. A Mahāyāna *Sūtra*, the *Vimokṣamārga-Śāstra*, the *Śāstra* of the Way of Emancipation, has the following verse:

Precept, Meditation, and Wisdom are the way of Emancipation. Precept is to remove the dust of evil deeds, Meditation to remove the dust of bondage, and Wisdom to remove the dust of wrong views.

Roughly speaking, these three correspond to the purifying, the liberating, and the enlightening of the mind. Precept or study and application cleanse the mind; Meditation frees the mind; and when the mind is pure and free from the bondage of *Kāma* (desires and passions), it becomes receptive to Wisdom and is thereby enlightened.

All spiritual disciplines advocate this triple way, *via purgativa*, *via contemplativa*, and *via unitiva*: purification, concentration, and identification or realization. The cleansing of the consciousness on the one hand, and unity with the "Self-God" on the other, are both to be attained through a vigilant and well-directed mind.

Our civilization does not promote concentration. It makes for distraction, and most people suffer from a wandering mind, a mind like unto a

butterfly, fluttering here and there, capricious, and unsteady. The mind must be so trained that it is not affected by the external world of shadows but is ever attentive to its own. It must view the world, but take cognizance of only that which it needs to note. A story is told of Mahātissa, the Elder, who went to gather alms. In that village a quarrel had arisen between a wife and her husband, as a result of which the wife left the home to join her relations. On her way she passed the Elder, who saw her, not as a beautiful young woman, richly attired in colourful garments, but as a mortal body. The husband who ran after his wife passed the Monk and asked him whether he had seen a woman. The Monk replied:

Whether what went along here
Was a man or a woman I do not know
But a collection of bones is moving
Now along this main road.

The Elder had reached a degree of concentration that enabled him to see in the body of the woman only its essential feature, that is, its mortality. Such concentration must be achieved through mindfulness. The mind can then be directed from within, both to see and to avoid seeing, as its owner chooses, a condition altogether different from absent-mindedness.

The rigour of this discipline cannot be sustained save through the firm conviction that achievement is possible. Lord Buddha warns us against doubt and vacillation, and affirms the possibility of attainment. On one occasion, preaching the need to control the mind, He said:

Abandon what is wrong. It is possible to abandon it. Were it not possible to abandon what is wrong I would not say: Abandon it. But because it is possible, therefore I say: Abandon what is wrong.

Make what is right become. It is possible to make what is right become. Were it not possible to make what is right become, I would not say: Make what is right become. But because it is possible, therefore I say: Make what is right become. (*Āṅguttara-Nikāya*, I. 57-58)

Once the conviction is established a firm position must be assumed in full faith and trust. It is not the work of a day. But once it has been undertaken, if the effort is persistent, attainment is certain.

Says *The Voice of the Silence*: "If thou hast tried and failed, O dauntless fighter, yet fight on and to the charge return again and yet again."

Let us then sustain our efforts, never relaxing our Vigilance, seeking refuge in the Enlightened Ones, in Their Doctrine, in the Fraternity of all who walk the Triple Way.

NAMRATA

AT HOME WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS

[WE take great pleasure in printing this splendidly lucid essay on a question which involves a difficult nexus of psychology, morals, and the highest mystical wisdom. Our distinguished and esteemed friend, **Mr. Hugh P.A. Fausset**, deals with the subject with a wisdom both tranquil and surpassingly gentle. He finds a place for intelligence, impulse, and intuition in the light of the guiding idea of the real Being of Man which is not one or the other of these but a whole; and to be attained by Mindfulness.—Ed.]

IN his *Memories, Dreams and Reflections* C. G. Jung has told how, in his travels in the East, he was impressed again and again "by the fact that these people are able to integrate so-called 'evil' in their spiritual life" in a way that few Westerners can. For Orientals morality seldom, if ever, seems to take first place. Rather they regard good and evil as two aspects of nature, two of the opposites necessary to manifested existence, by the tension of which it is maintained. In the self-centred individual such opposites have lost their true polarity, so much so that what he, with his partial vision, assumes to be good may often, really, be bad and *vice versa*. This bias cannot be corrected and may well be aggravated by fighting for what seems good against what seems bad. It can only be redeemed in the man who has found in himself that true centre in which positive and negative forces are creatively balanced.

An intelligent Westerner may well agree that this is the ultimate solution of the moral dilemma which faces man as he evolves out of the animal into the human. But he may, also, feel that the traditional Oriental way of ascent to a condition beyond the conflict of good and evil tends too much, if we exclude the rituals and practices of the *Tantra*, to encourage a bodiless spirituality in which the physical and psychological levels of human nature are imperfectly integrated. They are denied or at least depreciated because, from the standpoint of the ideal Self, of the divine in man, they are the seat of that personal ego which binds us through our ignorant cravings to an unreal world.

Yet, as Jung has pointed out, without this admittedly very troublesome physical and psychic man, the Self would be entirely without substance. From the standpoint of pure non-dual spirit the body may be the "clod" which Ramana Maharshi called it. But without it and its faculties of sense and intelligence the spirit cannot humanly manifest any more than a musician can function without his instrument. And the tuning of the instrument and technical mastery of it are themselves means by which true Self-expression is achieved.

The process, therefore, of becoming what spiritually we are can only be stultified by an obsessive recoil from the personality or a disregard of

those levels of our nature to which the ego is unduly attached. And it is here that the psychological research of the West may help to correct a bias in some at least of the traditional Eastern teachings. Recent Western psychology has concentrated attention upon "the unconscious," that realm of power and mystery and of accumulated race experience in each of us of which we are largely unaware and over which, therefore, we have little control. The relation of our conscious mind, as we develop, to this hidden realm within and beyond us determines whether our spiritual growth is healthy and organic, or whether it is distorted or even arrested.

Our physical bodies evolve, from the instant of conception, without our conscious willing. They mature by the informing power of life within them. But the healthy evolution of our psychological bodies, or more simply of our souls, depends upon the degree to which, in becoming self-conscious, we maintain a fruitful relationship with the greater consciousness, infinite in its resources, from which we derive all the knowledge and insight we possess. Of this greater consciousness we must always remain partially unconscious. For it infinitely exceeds the capacity of our human faculties to contain it. Hence the need of faith as the never superseded condition of all real knowledge. But faith will harden into sterile belief unless we persistently labour so to tune our particular human instrument that we may embody as much of the greater consciousness as we are qualified to express and so allow it, little by little, to quicken our awareness and enlarge our understanding.

It is self-consciousness which separates the narrow island of awareness upon which we take our stand as individuals from the ocean of mystery which surrounds it. The young child lives almost wholly in and by his "unconscious." So do many people who remain essentially primitive throughout their lives, though they may conform outwardly to civilized codes of conduct and social and moral conventions which have been evolved as a defence against the dangers of primitive feeling.

But such codes and conventions mean nothing to the child unless or until he has been taught to respect them by precept and example. In his moods and impulses he is subject to forces which rise out of the primordial depths of being. According to his innate or inherited disposition he will be more prone to negative or to positive feelings, to violent temper, for example, or docile acceptance. But the feelings will not be, in any real sense, his own. They will break through and over him like waves from the mysterious ocean from which he has only recently emerged.

Gradually, however, as differentiation proceeds and he becomes conscious of himself as an "I," he will, in some measure, detach himself from the world about him and from the unseen world within him. His education, whether moral or intellectual, will further this process and the

way in which it does this will have a crucial effect on the whole course of his development. So far as it strengthens a tendency in the ego to defend and preserve itself against the total realm of being to which it belongs, it will create a rift in the lute, a rift between self-consciousness and "the unconscious." It is because just this situation has come about in the morbid individualism of Western society that we see so many contemporary attempts, too many of which are merely regressive, to regain contact with the primordial depths.

Yet clearly in our early years, when our hold upon individuality is still precarious, we do need to control our feelings, particularly those of a violent or destructive nature, and to train our minds to think clearly and effectively. This training need not be negative or repressive. Nor could it achieve any real success if it did not correspond with an innate tendency in the growing child. The need to be conscious and Self-possessed is as inherent in the Soul as the need to grow and, in growing, continually to enlarge and deepen the aptitude for experience.

Few, if any, succeed in fulfilling this double need harmoniously without at some stage falling into conflict with their hidden depths. For most of those who seem to be equally aware of life and themselves and in control of both have, in fact, in the process of coming to terms with prevailing conventions, compromised the creative forces within them. On the other hand there are many, outside mental hospitals, who are still at the mercy of forces with which they unconsciously identify themselves and which they project destructively upon those with whom they associate.

A fruitful moral education, therefore, should teach control only as a condition of awareness and never, if possible, as a form of repression. Both psychological and spiritual health depends on maintaining from first to last an open way between self-consciousness and the realm of mystery upon which it depends. For the self, however conscious it becomes, can never exhaust the meaning or the potential of growth which the unconscious contains. But in the degree that it insulates itself against its unconscious behind a screen of self-defensive logic, it becomes sterile. Equally, any sensational or emotional surrender to the unconscious, however ecstatic or exalted it may appear, can only arrest the process by which the light of consciousness should gradually penetrate all the levels of our nature, until the self is ultimately lost and found in an awareness of real Being.

Such an ideal evolution, then, is equally menaced by repressive moral systems and by cults, religious or otherwise, of uncritical self-abandonment or mass enthusiasm. The self is not something either to be wilfully denied or emotionally dissipated. It is the only point through which awareness can be focused and grow and through which we can co-operate with a grace and power beyond ourselves. In the measure that such awareness

is fostered and sustained, the self preserves its unity with the whole of which it is a part. And it is from this whole which always exceeds our individual consciousness that we receive the guidance without which our conscious efforts must always err and fail.

The young, then, should be encouraged to outgrow their destructive impulses, not by repressing them, but by observing and disowning them. In this way they can discover that they are essentially distinct from the natural forces which possess them. This discovery does not involve a denial of these forces or a recoil from them. By the simple act of becoming aware of them we transform their nature. For what Jung has called "the shadow," that part of ourselves of which we are ignorant, is only evil so long as this ignorance remains. As we become watchfully conscious of it, it ceases to dominate us destructively. We make its force our own, not by blind surrender to it, but by allowing the creative intelligence, active in our watchful awareness, to irradiate it.

Systems of formal discipline may impose order on disorderly impulse, but only externally. And, unfortunately, they tend to establish a habit of negative control which the child who is subjected to them continues to apply to himself as he grows up and, in his turn, to impose on others. This inevitably isolates the ego, which, by striving to impose its own anxious and interested order upon the greater life to which it fears to commit itself, can never become whole. An external morality is thus an index of the sinfulness which it can never redeem. It reflects the pathetic poverty of those who have recoiled from the hazards and responsibilities of that voluntary surrender to the unknowable by which real knowledge continually grows and deepens.

Intellectualism can be just as destructive of the underlying unity of life as a self-centred morality. The mind, it has been said, is the great enemy of the real, but only on its lower levels and if it is employed as an instrument for the selfish acquisition of knowledge or as a means to private power or the achievement of worldly success. There is nothing wrong, of course, in training the mind for certain practical ends or in learning to apply it effectively to whatever field of activity attracts us and in which we can fulfil ourselves and serve our fellows. Technical competence, as every artist knows, is a condition of creativeness.

The danger always lies in forgetting that the mind is primarily a faculty of consciousness and not a weapon of self-advancement or self-display, and in the resultant tendency to think unfeelingly. In true consciousness thought and feeling are in harmony. Each is meant to serve, correct, and complement the other and, so far as it is possible, neither should be cultivated at the other's expense, though in certain kinds of experience and certain stages of growth thought will predominate and in

others feeling. But in intellectualism, as in sentimentalism, there is always a hidden or overt conflict between them.

Thought and feeling are both, in fact, intended accessories to an intuitive faculty in which they combine. This faculty can only emerge in its fullness when the long quarrel between them through which we all, as self-conscious adolescents, grow has been resolved in a true marriage. Gradually the conflict of thought and feeling can be transposed into a creative counterpoint as the mind learns to be calmly attentive to the movements of the heart or to what excites or allures the senses, thus bringing its inherent reason and judgement to bear on what is irrational or sub-rational, excessive or perverse, in emotional impulse. But this will result only in a triumph of cold logic unless the mind is, also, ready to be humble towards the heart from which it receives its life and the sympathy without which thought can never blossom into understanding. Thus the two can eventually come to live and work together in an habitual intimacy and reciprocity.

The underlying aim, then, of all education should be to keep the partners to this ultimate marriage in as close and sensitive association as possible and to seize every opportunity of fostering the imaginative insight, in which the mind is no longer merely an analytical or reflective instrument of the ego, but the feeling as well as the thinking organ of the larger Self.

This is so necessary because the mind, when it first becomes active, is inevitably far less an organ of pure thought than the chief instrument by which the ego asserts its independence and defends itself against the engulfing pull of the unconscious. If, in learning to think, we could never cease to acknowledge and be aware of the unthinkable, our minds would be the servants of a truly developing consciousness. But what, in fact, they serve is a swelling egotism with its critical conceits and argumentative opinions.

The mind tends more than any other faculty to induce a false notion of self-sufficiency because of its power to limit and define. It thus easily fosters an arrogant sense of mastery over what is infinite and immeasurable in life. This, of course, is not altogether an illusion. For all human progress on the material plane, all the control which man has achieved over his own irrational fears and fancies and over the forces and resources of the natural world, he owes to the clarifying and objectifying power of the mind.

It is hardly surprising, then, if he has exploited his faculty to the full and, in doing so, allowed it to disturb his balance and even to threaten his survival. Yet, if the mind, as a tool of the ego, is the enemy of the real, it is, also, when freed from its exploiter, the supreme organ of enlighten-

ment. By exchanging a self-consciousness which distorts or represses "the unconscious," for a pure consciousness open equally to the depths and heights of Being, we unite ourselves with that reality which is, as Simone Weil wrote,

the unique source of all the good that can exist in this world. . . . Those minds [she added] whose attention and love are turned towards it are the sole intermediary through which good can descend from beyond the world and come among men.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

PERSONALITY

Some nurse Belief and some do not,
yet each some secret holds
which through the vortices of life
a character unfolds.
Upon the silken spiral move
all passion and all thought,
ranging to realms invisible;
by science vainly sought:
and shining thence through mirrored light
are aureoles, some dull, some bright.

WILLIAM EWART WALKER

THE STAGES OF THE PATH IN BUDDHISM

[THE FIRST PART of this study, taken from the forthcoming book, *The Heritage of Buddhism*, by **Bhikshu Sangharakshita (Sthavira)**, appeared last month. This second portion gives a clear account of the steps of Calmness and Concentration or Meditation.—ED.]

II

(v) *Passaddhi* (Skt., *praśrabdhi*) or calmness, repose, tranquillity, serenity. When the energies which in the process of liberation were experienced as *pīti* have been, as it were, exhausted, the accompanying physical innervations subside and in the ensuing mood of relaxation the attention is first disengaged and then wholly withdrawn from the body and its concerns. Consequently there also takes place a subsidence of feeling, in the sense of pleasurable sensation, and a subsidence of the perception and motivation derived therefrom. *Passaddhi* is therefore spoken of as two-fold: that of the mind (*citta*) and that of the body (*kāyā*) — here not the physical body but the mental factors of feeling (*vedanā*), perception (*saññā*), and motivation (*sankhāra*) collectively. It would be a mistake, though, to regard *passaddhi* as a merely passive state. Not only does it tranquillize consciousness and the mental actors but also, by easing strain and tension, brings about in them a condition of functional lightness, plasticity, adaptability, readiness, and directness. *Passaddhi* is thus a state of extreme refinement and delicacy of feeling, in causal association with which therefore arises *Sukha*.

(vi) *Sukha* or bliss. Though the word has a very wide range of meaning, including that of pleasurable bodily sensation, it stands in this context for the apparently causeless feeling of intense happiness which wells up from the depths of his being when, the physical innervations associated with *pīti* having subsided, the meditator is no longer aware of the physical body. The term *vedanā* or feeling covers not only sensation, or hedonic feeling, but also emotion, which can be not only hedonic but ethical and spiritual. *Sukha* may therefore be defined as non-hedonic spiritual happiness.

The author of the *Aṭṭhsālinī*, according to whom *pīti* belongs to the *sankhāra-khandha* and *sukha* to the *vedanā-khandha*, endeavours to exhibit the true meaning of the present *nidāna* by contrasting it with *pīti* by means of an apt similitude:

A man who, travelling along the path through a great desert and overcome by the heat, is thirsty and desirous of drink, if he saw a man on the way, would ask, "Where is water?" The other would say, "Beyond the wood

is a dense forest with a natural lake. Go there, and you will get some." He hearing these words would be glad and delighted. Going onwards, he would see men with wet clothes and hair, hears the sound of wild fowl and pea-fowl, etc., see the dense forest of green like a net of jewels growing by the edge of the natural lake. He would see the water lily, the lotus, the white lily, etc., growing in the lake, he would see the clear transparent water, he would be all the more glad and delighted, would descend into the natural lake, bathe and drink at pleasure and, his oppression being allayed, he would eat the fibres and stalks of the lilies, adorn himself with the blue lotus, carry on his shoulders the roots of the *mandalaka*, ascend from the lake, put on his clothes, dry the bathing cloth in the sun, and in the cool shade where the breeze blew ever so gently lay himself down and say: "O bliss! O bliss!" Thus should this illustration be applied:— The time of gladness and delight from when he heard of the natural lake and the dense forest till he saw the water is like *pīti* having the manner of gladness and delight at the object in view. The time when, after his bath and drink he laid himself down in the cool shade, saying "O bliss! O bliss!" etc., is the sense of *sukha* grown strong, established in that mode of enjoying the taste of the object.⁶

As the comparison suggests, *sukha* in this context is not something which comes and goes in a moment, or which touches one superficially. On the contrary it is an experience of so enthralling and overwhelming a character that the meditator is occupied and absorbed, even immersed in it, at times for days on end, to the exclusion of all other interests.

Non-Buddhist mystics who reach this stage, especially those belonging to schools which, like those of the Vedānta, define Reality in terms of bliss (*ānanda*), are prone to imagine that such an attainment is sufficient evidence of their having realized God or Brahman or whatever for them constitutes the ultimate goal of life. To the Buddhist, however, the experience of meditative bliss is only a milestone on the way, and even while most deeply immersed in it he is careful to cultivate an attitude of detachment towards it and to avoid the mistake of settling down in it as though it was a permanent and final achievement. The Scriptures more than once represent the Buddha as saying, with reference to His own early practice of the *dhyānas*, "Yet the happiness which in that way arose in me, could not obsess my mind."⁷ At the same time neither the Buddha nor his followers have ever tended to underestimate the role of happiness in the spiritual life. In a passage of striking force and beauty Lama Anagarika Govinda writes:

Out of the 121 classes of consciousness which are discussed in [Theravāda] Buddhist psychology, sixty-three are accompanied by joy and only three are painful, while the remaining fifty-five classes are indifferent. A

⁶ *The Expositor (Atthasālinī)*. Translated by MAUNG TIN (London, 1920), Vol. I, pp. 157–8.

⁷ E.g. *Majjhima-Nikāya*, Sutta 36.

stronger refutation of pessimism than this statement is hardly possible. How deluded is man, that he mainly dwells in those three painful states of consciousness though there are overwhelmingly more possibilities of happiness! But what a perspective this knowledge opens to those who strive earnestly, what an incentive even to the weak! The more man progresses, the more radiant and joyful will be his consciousness. Happiness, indeed, may be called a characteristic of progress. In the course of its development it becomes more and more sublime, until it grows into the serenity which radiates from the face of the Enlightened One with that subtle smile in which wisdom, compassion, and all-embracing love are mingled.⁸

What the Buddhist tradition in all its branches is concerned to emphasize is that however natural, healthy, and intense the experience of meditative bliss may be, the meditator must be careful not to allow it to overpower his mindfulness in such a way that the path to further progress is barred. The immediate nature of that progress is indicated by a number of scriptural aphorisms, such as "The mind of the happy one becomes concentrated."⁹ Thus in causal association with *sukha* arises *Samādhi*.

(vii) *Samādhi* or "concentration." Like that of several other terms in the series, the meaning of *samādhi* tends to vary according to context. At its simplest it is mere one-pointed-ness of mind, or concentrated attention on a single object. Such one-pointed-ness may be associated with a morally healthy or unhealthy, or with a neutral, consciousness. The minds of the fornicator and the murderer are certainly concentrated on their respective objects; but being concentrated through lust in the one case and hatred in the other their concentration is said to be unhealthy. *Samādhi* is therefore properly not one-pointed-ness of mind in general but healthy one-pointed-ness (*kausalāya-ekāgratā-citta*; Pali, *kusala-ekaggata-citta*).

In connection with the systematic cultivation of this *nidāna* through the practice of definite spiritual exercises three degrees of depth and intensity of *samādhi* are distinguished; preparatory concentration, when the mind is fixed on the gross external object pertaining to the particular practice adopted, say on the process of respiration, an image of a Buddha or Bodhisattva, or the sound of a *mantra* audibly repeated; intermediate concentration, when the mind is fixed on the subtle and frequently luminous counterpart which arises when the gross object has been attended to for a sufficient length of time; and full concentration, which is attained when the mind is absorbed in the subtle counterpart to such an extent that it becomes as it were one with it and no longer experiences it as something objective and external. Full concentration corresponds to *dhyāna* (Pali,

⁸ *The Psychological Attitude of Early Buddhist Philosophy* (London, 1961), p. 63.

⁹ *Aṅguttara-Nikāya*, x. 2.

jhāna). This in turn consists of eight degrees, four belonging to the “form” (*rūpa*) and four to the “formless” (*arūpa*) plane, each degree more refined than the one preceding.

In the first *rūpa-dhyāna* is present a residue of mental activity, besides the experience of *pīti* and *sukha*; in the second, mental activity subsides entirely, and *pīti* and *sukha* alone remain associated with *samādhi*; in the third *dhyāna* even *pīti*, comparatively the gross factor, disappears; and in the fourth, *sukha* is replaced by equanimity (*upekṣā*). Despite the drily analytical manner in which some of the older texts tabulate these experiences one is not to suppose that the mental content can really be thus split up into various component factors which literally appear or disappear as concentration deepens. What the series of *rūpa-dhyāna* in fact represents is the progressive unification of consciousness, especially of its cognitive and affective aspects, on the basis of a stability which the unification itself progressively strengthens and makes more profound.

The four *arūpa-dhyānas* appears not to carry this process of unification any further but to render the fully concentrated mind subtler and, as it were, more transparent, as well as, simultaneously, broader and more universal, by confronting it with ever sublimer cosmic objects. These *dhyānas* are: that of the sphere of infinite space (*ākāśānantyāyatana*; Pali, *ākāśānañcāyatana*); of infinite consciousness (*viññānānantyāyatana*; Pali, *Viññāṇānañcāyatana*); of no-thing-ness (*akimcanyāyatana*; Pali, *ākīñcaññāyatana*); and neither-perception-nor-non-perception (*naivasamjñānāsamjñāyatana*; Pali, *nevasaññānāsaññāyatana*). Some scholars are of the opinion that the second set of four *dhyānas*, though known to the Buddha, was added to the first set so as to form a single continuous series only after His Parinirvana. Be that as it may, there is certainly a problem to be cleared up in connection with the Master's experience of the *dhyānas*, the discussion of which will, even in the absence of a final solution, help to elucidate the true meaning of *samādhi* in the present context.

In the *Mahāsaccaka Sutta*, one of the great autobiographical discourses of the Pali Canon, the Buddha describes to the Jain ascetic Saccaka, whom He addresses by his clan name, the course of fearful asceticism to which He had subjected Himself prior to the attainment of Enlightenment. After relating how the attempt had failed He continued:

This, Aggivessana, occurred to me: “I know that while my father, the Sakyan, was ploughing, and I was sitting in the cool shade of the rose-apple tree, aloof from the pleasures of the senses, aloof from unskilled states of mind, entering on the first meditation, which is accompanied by initial thought and discursive thought, is born of aloofness, and is rapturous and joyful, and while abiding therein, I thought: ‘Now could this be a way to awakening?’ Then, following on my mindfulness, Aggivessana, there was the

consciousness: 'This is itself the way to awakening.'"¹⁰

He then described how, after attaining the remaining three *rūpa-dhyānas*, he had developed the three superknowledges (*abhiññās*), eradicated the three biases (*āsravas*), and finally attained *Sambodhi*. From the passage quoted it is evident that during the whole course of His "noble quest," from the time of leaving His father's mansion to the time of abandoning the path of extreme asceticism, the Buddha had not experienced even the first of the *rūpa-dhyānas*. Yet earlier in the same discourse, as well as in the *Ariyapariyesana Sutta*, the Buddha relates His attainment of the spheres of "no-thing-ness" and "neither-perception-nor-not-perception," the last two *arūpa-dhyānas*. If the two sets of *dhyānas* really constitute a single continuous series of meditative attainments how is it possible that the Buddha should have experienced the seventh and eighth members of the series before He had experienced the first? While the possibility that according to the Buddha Himself the two sets of *dhyānas* are discontinuous and that they were arranged in a single series only later cannot be ruled out, there are other considerations relating to the true nature of *samādhi* which may help explain the discrepancy.

The distinguishing feature of the Buddha's boyhood experience of *samādhi* is its spontaneity; it came of itself, naturally and without effort. His later experience of the *dhyānas*, including that of the spheres of nothing-ness and neither-perception-nor-non-perception, on the contrary, seems to have been achieved at the cost of great exertion as the result of a stupendous exercise of will-power involving the conscious and deliberate forcing of all His energies into a single narrow channel. What the sudden flashing of His boyhood experience into His mind probably conveyed to the Buddha was that the Way consisted not in achieving with grim determination goals fixed for oneself by the conscious mind without reference to the total psyche but in the harmonious unfoldment, in and through mindfulness, of one's deepest potentialities. The way to Enlightenment was a Middle Way between making no effort at all and effort directed by intellect alone. In other words, the Buddha discovered that the attainment of *samyak-samādhi*, the final stage of the Eightfold Path, as distinguished from the forcible fixation of the mind on any object, however healthy or for however long a time, involves not merely the exercise of the understanding and the will but the transformation and integration of the total psyche in all its sublimest heights and most abysmal depths.

For this reason the practice of *samādhi* can never be reduced to the practice of a certain series of concentration-exercises or to a special tech-

¹⁰ *Majjhima-Nikāya*, I. 246. I. B. HORNER's translation: *The Middle Length Sayings* (London, 1954), p. 301.

nique, much less still to a matter of professional expertise. It was their awareness of this danger which prompted the Sōtō branch of the Zen School to insist that one does not sit to meditate: one sits to sit. Not all schools of meditation, not even all Buddhist schools, have succeeded in steering so clear of the danger. Hindu Yoga is exclusively a system of techniques; however efficacious as a means of physical and mental hygiene, it therefore possesses by itself no spiritual value. The so-called New Burmese Method of *Satipaṭṭhāna*, with its system of grades, examinations, certificates, and titles, even apart from the other objections that have been urged against it, would seem open, in the case of some at least of its exponents, to similar criticism.

Yet one need not go to the extreme of denying that techniques have any place at all in the practice of meditation, thus avoiding the Scylla of technism only at the cost of being drowned in the Charybdis of quietism. As the whole progressive sequence of causally associated factors leading up to *samādhi*, the present factor, itself serves to illustrate, the following of the spiritual path is from stage to stage less a matter of egoistically willed achievement as of a growth, in and through awareness, of the total psyche. As Tagore says, "No hurried path of success, forcibly cut by the greed of result, can be the true path."¹¹ Energetic recourse to techniques of concentration by one who had not cultivated the preceding *nidānas* could result in complete frustration or produce, if apparently successful, either a morbid state of hypnotic fixation or a violent reaction from those parts of the psyche which had not co-operated in the attempt. In the opposite case, however, that of one who had cultivated the preceding *nidānas*, even the moderate practice of a concentration-technique would be sufficient to induce even profound *samādhi* experience. It might even be enough for him to see a beautiful flower, or look at something bright and shining. For him who had cultivated the five previous *nidānas* to perfection the *samādhi*-experience would arise as soon as he seated himself and was mindful; he would not need to "meditate." This seems to have been the case, practically, of the Buddha.

Diseased or injured seed will produce only a deformed and stunted plant. Unless the preceding factor has been cultivated, if not to perfection, at least to an advanced degree, the factor which arises next in causal association with it will be only a caricature of what it ought to be. Though true of every factor, this is particularly true of *samādhi*. *Samādhi* is the last of the *laukika* (Pali, *lokiya*) or mundane factors; the one immediately succeeding it will be the first of the *lokottara* or transcendental factors which, as regress from them is impossible, constitute the Path to En-

¹¹ "The Philosophy of Our People," Presidential Address at the Indian Philosophical Congress, 1925. *Indo-Asian Culture* (New Delhi), Vol. ix, No. 3 (January 1961), p. 233

lightenment proper. A scriptural aphorism indicates this supremely important, indeed crucial, transition, in such words as "The concentrated mind sees things as they really are." But, if the *samādhi* is not true *samādhi* but a mere forcible fixation of attention disrupting one part of the psyche from the rest, there will arise in causal association with it nothing but delusions; one may imagine one has realized what one has not: in the case of a Buddhist, he may mistake purely intellectual reminiscence of the Dharma for actual penetration of its import. In any case, instead of safely traversing the point where Wheel and Spiral intersect, one will, unknowingly, become more deeply and inextricably involved in the *Samsāra* than ever. Only in causal association with true *samādhi* arises *Yathābhūtañāḍassana*, "Knowledge and Vision of Things as They are."

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

(To be concluded)

THE MIND can only be conquered by regular meditation, by deciding beforehand what direction its activity ought to take, and insisting that its activity takes that direction; also by never leaving it idle, undirected, masterless, to play at random like a child in the streets after dark. This is extremely difficult, but it can be done, and it is marvellously well worth doing. The fault of the epoch is the absence of meditateness. A sagacious man will strive to correct in himself the faults of his epoch. In some deep ways the twelfth century had advantages over the twentieth. It practised meditation. The twentieth does Sadow exercises. Meditation (I only speak for myself) is the least dispensable of the day's doing. What do I force my mind to meditate upon? Upon various things, but chiefly upon one.

Namely, that Force, Energy, Life — the Incomprehensible has many names — is indestructible, and that, in the last analysis, there is only one single, unique Force, Energy, Life. Science is gradually reducing all elements to one element. Science is making it increasingly difficult to conceive matter apart from spirit. Everything lives. . . . In such paths do I compel my mind to walk daily. Daily it has to recognize that the mysterious Ego controlling it is a part of that divine Force which exists from everlasting to everlasting, and which, in its ultimate atoms, nothing can harm. By such a course of training, even the mind, the coarse, practical mind, at last perceives that worldly accidents don't count.

—ARNOLD BENNETT

THE BUDDHIST INFLUENCE ON STRINDBERG

AS SEEN IN "A DREAM PLAY"

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In this article he traces some Buddhist ideas as they show their influence in *A Dream Play*, an important work by the Swedish dramatist John August Strindberg. Shri Das has completed the MS. of an Oriya translation of another of Strindberg's plays, *Father*.—Ed.]

STRINDBERG in his youth as the librarian of the Royal Library of Stockholm came across a considerable stock of Chinese manuscripts. He taught himself Chinese and studied them. Besides, he studied some Japanese works, and possibly Oriental philosophy in general. He acquired scholarship enough to contribute learned articles to journals on Sinological subjects.

In China and Japan the Mahāyāna form of Buddhism, especially Zen Buddhism, prevailed. It is not known what particular religious literature in Chinese Strindberg studied, but it can be assumed reasonably that he became quite conversant with the national religion of China. He may also have studied the Vajrayāna system and even the Tantric cults associated with later decadent Buddhism. His interest in the occult, in telepathy, hypnotism, and the like, may have to some extent grown out of his knowledge relating to Tantric practices.

There are repeated references to Buddhism in Strindberg's writings but he hardly ever discussed it elaborately. His own life was a pilgrimage of the soul, ever suffering and ever seeking the remedy of suffering. It is no wonder that the Buddhistic conception of life as continued suffering appealed to him. Correspondingly the Mahāyāna emphasis on *Mahākaruṇā* or compassion appealed to him greatly. The ideas of *Karma*, cycles of re-birth resulting from *Karma*, the annihilation of the fruits of *Karma* through the pursuit of the Eightfold Path, and the attainment of Nirvāṇa thereby, repeatedly came to his mind. The great crisis in spirit came for him during the Infeno period. He studied Schopenhauer. He was greatly inspired by Swedenborgian accounts of heaven and hell. But as his later writings show, the philosophy of Buddhism never quite lost influence over his mind. He arrived at a sort of religious syncretism in which elements

of Christianity mingled with those of Buddhism and of Swedenborgian philosophy.

The drama *A Dream Play*, which appeared in the final phase of Strindberg's dramatic career, reveals the considerable influence that Buddhistic ideas exercised over his mind at the time he wrote it.

In *Zones of the Spirit*, Strindberg, with reference to this drama, says:

In it I have, at any rate, spoken men fair, but to advise the Ruler of the Universe is presumption, perhaps blasphemy. The fact that I have laid bare the comparative nothingness of life (with Buddhism), its irrational contradictions, its wickedness and lawlessness, may be praiseworthy if it teaches men resignation.¹

The idea of the nothingness of life is repeatedly emphasized in Buddhist doctrines. "The Prajñāpāramitā² is generally regarded as exclusively teaching the philosophy of Emptiness (śūnyatā)."³ Eighteen types of emptiness, all stressing the unreality of different aspects of life, are enumerated in that sacred work; and it is said further that the realization of emptiness alone leads to the attainment of *Prajñā* or Wisdom. In the *Vajrasamādhi Sūtra* it is recorded that the Buddha once said, "There is no thought, no action which is not substanceless."⁴ This idea of the nothingness of existence occurs repeatedly in almost all the religious works of the Buddhists. Life is compared to a dream. Subhuti says in *Aṣṭasahasrikā*: "All objective facts (*dharma*s) also are like a magical illusion, like a dream."⁵ The Hindu concept of *Māyā* or illusion appears in Mahāyāna Buddhism too. To Strindberg, acutely conscious of the futility of life, the world appeared to be no better than dream.

This idea of the nothingness of the world is illustrated in the play symbolically through the episode of the opening of the door. The mysterious door which all supposed to be hiding the secret of existence behind it is opened, only to reveal that there is nothing behind it.

The idea of suffering is central to Buddhism. In the Sermon at Banaras the Buddha said:

Now this, monks, is the noble truth of pain — birth is painful, old age is painful, sickness is painful, death is painful; sorrow, lamentation, dejection, and despair are painful; contact with unpleasant things is painful, not getting what one wishes is painful.

¹ AUGUST STRINDBERG: *Zones of the Spirit*, p. 4

² "The *Prajnaparamita* is one of the oldest Buddhist canonical books translated into Chinese. The first *Prajnaparamita* known as the *Tao-hing* ("the practising of the way") appeared in 172 A.D.—DAISETZ TEITARO SUZUKI: *Essays in Zen Buddhism* (Third Series), p. 209.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 222.

⁴ EDWARD CONZE: *Buddhist Texts Through the Ages* (Bruno Cassirer, Oxford), p. 280.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 177; E. A. BURTT (ed.): *The Teachings of the Compassionate Buddha* (A Mentor Religious Classic), p. 29.

In short the five groups of grasping are painful. This suffering of humanity is the theme of Strindberg's drama and, as Strindberg himself says, "a tone of melancholy, and of compassion for all living things runs through the swaying narrative."⁶ In fact, while writing this drama Strindberg seems to have been greatly moved by the verse "Buddha's Pity."⁷ Even as in that poem, the line "For this He was moved to pity" occurs like a chorus after each stanza recounting the sufferings of man. Indra's Daughter too repeats in the drama, "Man is to be pitied," after each episode illustrating the suffering of man.

According to Buddhism, the Eightfold Path of Wisdom or *Prajñā* and Compassion or *Karunā* is the only way of facing suffering. Mahāyāna Buddhism laid great stress on *Mahākaruṇā* or the Great Compassion.⁸ Strindberg seems to be moved deeply by the idea of Compassion. Indra's Daughter in this drama need not be viewed as a Hindu goddess. In Hindu mythology there is hardly any mention of any daughter of Indra. In Mahāyāna Buddhism, however, *Bodhichitta* is identified with Indra. Bodhichitta "is a concrete and unified embodiment of *Prajñā* and *Karunā*."⁹ So Indra's Daughter in the drama may be rightly viewed as Compassion springing from *Bodhichitta*.

The idea of the door, no doubt, came to Strindberg's mind from his own personal experience at the stage door while waiting for his actress wife, but in the drama he has given the door a symbolic significance. The secret of existence seems to be hidden behind it. Strindberg introduces a doorkeeper too. One is reminded of Maitreya, the doorkeeper of the Vairocana Tower.¹⁰ Now the door in the real stage apparently leads to the inside in all its colourfulness and material splendour. But the door in the drama when opened is described as revealing emptiness. The inside of the Vairocana Tower has been described in orthodox Mahāyāna works as full of all kinds of splendour,¹¹ but the Tower has also been described as the abode of Bodhisattvas, the abode of those who have realized the truth¹² or reality, and "emptiness is a Mahāyāna perception of reality itself."¹³ Besides, Strindberg in his Chinese studies might have come across the metaphysical explanation of material splendour.¹⁴ The concept of the Growing Castle no doubt was suggested to his mind by the gilded roof of a cavalry barrack as he himself says in one place. But, in metamorphosing a cavalry barrack into a Growing Castle symbolic of the sordid earth aspiring heavenward like flowers, Strindberg may have been influenced by his

⁶ "Author's Note" to *A Dream Play*.

⁷ *The Teachings of the Compassionate Buddha*, p. 240.

⁸ *Essays in Zen Buddhism*, pp. 140, 178.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 157.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* p. 156.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 107-16.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 109.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 209.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 123.

knowledge of the Vairocana Tower. The gilded roof of the barrack may have brought to his mind the picture of the rich ornamental beauty of the Vairocana Tower and its significance as the abode of Bodhisattavas who had realized truth. This idea seems to be substantiated to a certain extent by the account that Indra's Daughter enters into the Castle as it catches fire. As she goes into the Castle, she says, "There I am going, and in your name carry their lamentations to the throne."¹⁵ So the castle serves for her as the pathway to heaven, and therefore has something of the heavenly in it. Vairocana, in Mahāyāna texts, is "symbolized by dung."¹⁶ The castle stands on "heaps of straw and stable muck."

But the castle is shown as burning. In so far as it represents the sordid earth with all its evil it has to be annihilated before the flower of faith can blossom. The burning of the castle reminds one of Indra's fire. In the Mahāyāna texts *Bodhichitta* is described as being "like Indra's fire because it consumes all the habit energy, passions (*anuśaya*) and impure desires (*kleśa*)."¹⁷

In *A Dream Play*, Strindberg attempts to view the world from a higher altitude as it were. In the "Author's Note" he says:

... characters split, double and multiply; they evaporate, crystallize, scatter and converge. But a single consciousness holds sway over them all — that of the dreamer. For him there are no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples and no law. He neither condemns nor acquits, but only relates, and since on the whole there is more pain than pleasure in the dream, a tone of melancholy, and of compassion for all living things runs through the swaying narrative.¹⁸

He also says earlier that in this dream-world "time and space do not exist." One wonders if he has not been influenced by his knowledge of the Mahāyāna ideal and if he is simply trying to follow the dream technique for its own sake. The dreamer is no ordinary dreamer. He is Strindberg himself probing into life to learn its secret. We are told in *Essays in Zen Buddhism*:

In order to see life and the world in their proper bearing, the Mahāyāna expects us to first clear off the obstacles that rise from our obstinacy in taking the world of relativity as the ultimate limit of reality. When the veil is lifted, the obstacles are swept off and the self-nature of things presents itself in the aspect of Suchness; and it is then that the Mahāyāna is ready to take up the so-called real problems of life and solve them in accordance with the truth, i.e., *Yathābhūtam*.¹⁹

¹⁵ *A Dream Play* (in *Six Plays of Strindberg*, tr. by ELIZABETH SPRIGGS); p. 261.

¹⁶ *Buddhist Texts*, p. 250.

¹⁷ *Essays in Zen Buddhism*, p. 159.

¹⁸ "Author's Note" to *A Dream Play*.

¹⁹ *Essays in Zen Buddhism*, p. 64.

Earlier it is said, "... the point from which we are to survey the world according to the *Gaṇḍavyūha* is not that of mind immersed in the mire of individualization."²⁰ Strindberg in this drama evidently chooses to view the world as a Mahāyāna Buddhist. He has a transcendental vision, as it were, of the world — a vision unfettered by the consciousness of time and space and unaffected by the individualizing imagination of the average man. He sees the officer as the romantic lover, sees him too as trying to learn elementary mathematics from the schoolmaster, and sees him further as an old man. He see the lawyer too at different stages of his life. And thus a proper perspective of their lives is obtained.

In the drama, the poet says, "All the righteous are often just one person."²¹ This idea might have been based on the Mahāyāna idea that the Buddha "has the miraculous power of making all the Buddhas, all the Buddha-lands with their splendours, enter into his own body."²² In the *Dharmadhātu*, or the abode of the Bodhisattvas or the Good, "each one" of "the particular objects is identifiable with every other particular object, whatever lines of separation there may be between them all removed."²³ So the righteous ones do not really have essentially separate selves. They may merge into one Buddha. In fact, this idea that all the righteous persons are one seems to be related to the Mahāyāna doctrine of Interpenetration, that each individual reality,

besides being itself, reflects in it something of the universal, and at the same time it is itself because of other individuals. A system of perfect relationship exists among individual existences and also between individuals and universals, between particular objects and general ideas.²⁴

M. Anesaki says:

The central idea in Buddhist teaching is the gospel of universal salvation based on the idea of the fundamental oneness of all beings. . . . individuals may purify themselves and thereby escape the miseries of sinful existence, yet the salvation of any one is imperfect so long as and so far as there remain any who have not realized, i.e., who are not saved.²⁵

Thus the righteous realize "the fundamental oneness of all beings" and look upon themselves as fundamentally one.

These are some of the elements in the drama that point to the Buddhist influence on Strindberg's ideas at the time of writing it.

SARBESWAR DAS

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 64.

²¹ *Six Plays of Strindberg*, p. 264.

²² *Essays on Zen Buddhism*.

²³ *Ibid.*

²⁴ *Ibid.*

²⁵ M. ANESAKI: *History of Japanese Religion*, pp. 53-54; quoted in *The Teachings of the Compassionate Buddha*, p. 124.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT RIVERS

[Mr. Dudley Glass, who has written for us on "Legends of the Cities" (February 1959), "Romances of Towers" (July 1959), and "Bridges Across the World" (September 1963), writes now of the world's waterways with imagination, bringing to his description a feeling for legend and history.
—Ed.]

THE PHYSICAL ASPECT of rivers is only part of their story; what gives certain ones personality may be the spiritual, the legendary and historic, the adventurous or the aesthetic. Size is not everything, for the inconsiderable Thames or Tiber means as much in the world's esteem as the mighty Mississippi and Amazon. The Rhine and the Volga, in turn Europe's busiest waterway and longest, flow through the imagination in song. Rivers appeal to poets, painters, and musicians, to the artist in all of us, because so much can be reflected in their waters, plumbed in their depths.

The two biblical rivers of Mesopotamia, said to encircle the Garden of Eden, Tigris and Euphrates, were famed in ancient history. Only mounds are left for archaeologists to recall the great cities, Babylon and Nineveh, that stood by them, but the inward eye can see monumental façades of palaces with pillars and friezes of winged bulls. Not so remote are our images of an Oriental river belonging to pre-history, the Ganges steeping its own eden in holy thoughts.

Intensely alive today, India's sacred waterway springs from legend. In far-off times King Sagar's horse, a mascot enabling countries to be conquered, was stolen by the god Indra. He tethered it where Kapila sat meditating, so Sagar's numerous sons accused this wise man of the theft, and were consequently turned to ashes. Their sin could only be exonerated by an appeal to Brahma to bring the Ganges, a heavenly stream, down to earth. To lessen the force of the deluge, Shiva caught it in his hair, which explains the tangle of ice in the glacial cave, high up among the Himalayas, where the Ganges has its mysterious source. A *stupa*, marking where Buddha began his teachings, and the mountain temple of Badrinath, associated with the thinker Shankara, are not far away.

Down the Ganges are many scenes of Hindu religious observances, for this river and others are remembered in orthodox morning prayers. Junctions of streams have particular significance, and where the Ganges meets the Jamuna, Allahabad calls pilgrims to bathe at annual festivals. The river's most potent shrine is at Banaras; along the steps thousands dip to cleanse away sin, and the teeming waters are sprinkled with ashes from the cremation ghats.

Rising like the Ganges on the snow-roof of Central Asia, the Yangtze-Kiang stretches like a great curved dragon over China. Its valley is a high-way of commerce, floating cargoes of tea, oil, cotton, and iron-ore, but wild waters rush through the gorges. At times junks and sampans must be hauled from the banks against the current, a reminder that it was once untamed, although the dangerous floods proved of ultimate value, for the common effort to control them helped national unity. Engineering science developed in the protective dykes of two thousand years ago; on the memorial to Li Ping a command shines in letters of gold: "Dig the bed deep and keep the banks low."

Another ancient river captures the imagination, Egypt's Nile, a slender green thread — "*eau de nil*" we call the colour — among brown desert sands. These isolated the valley from tribal warfare, so the civilization of the Pharaohs grew, to leave behind pyramids and temples built of stones floated down the stream. The ruins of Karnak on the site of Thebes are a wonder for mankind, and the colossal carved sandstone figures of Rameses II at Abu Simbel. These are to be lifted and saved from the inundation of the new Aswan high dam, bringing water to a level no primitive "Nilometer" in a well could measure. For the annual floods known as the "Tear of Isis," when the gods wept — a gift to the desert — are now augmented by the benefits of irrigation.

Blue Nile and White Nile unite to form the river, worshipped of old, measuring "more than an eleventh of the circumference of the globe." So wrote Captain Speke, explorer who found unexpected grassy banks, rich plantain trees, herds of hartbeest, flocks of guinea-fowl, and crocodiles basking in the sun as he voyaged to the source of the White Nile in Lake Victoria Nyanza. Africa's Dark Continent called another British hero, Mungo Park, to unravel the riddle of the wayward Niger, for long confused with both the Congo and the Nile. It was left to the famous Livingstone to chance on that stupendous creation of the Zambezi river, the "Smoke that Sings," otherwise known as the Victoria Falls.

Forgetting palms and tropic jungles, the rivers of the North have their own magic. The reedy banks of Russia's grey Don, once the Taneis, were claimed in the sagas to be the place of origin of the Nordic gods, a tribe of Aser, with Odin as their high priest, who made their way up into Scandinavia. As for the broad, brown Volga, supplying inland transport to much of Russia, it continues to chant the song of the log-haulers, and to listen to gypsy music at old Nijni-Novgorod fair. Such themes seem to be endless, like the nine longest rivers in the world, four of them in Russia's heart. One is Siberia's Yenesei, crossing lonely steppes for three thousand miles to the Arctic, now ice-bound, now timber-floating.

Middle Europe is a maze of romantic rivers; where the Moldau meets

Bohemia's woods and meadows, its folk-setting is echoed in a flowing theme by the Czech composer Smetana. In the same way Wagner voices the song of the German Rhine, beneath whose waters legendary maidens guard their gold. Music has also set Heine's poem about the Lorelei, that mortal maid accused of witchcraft who threw herself into the Rhine, thereafter to lure sailors to wreck their boats against the rock she haunted. More substantial melodies are in this river's repertoire, when robust peasant dances accompany the wine festivals.

Rival to the Rhine in song and story is the Danube, moistening the heart of Austria, Hungary, and Eastern Europe. It would seem to begin and end darkly, for it rises in the Black Forest and empties into the Black Sea. Yet on its way this colourful river, down which knightly Crusaders sailed, passes the castle of Dürastein, from whose tower Richard the Lion-Hearted was rescued by a minstrel's serenade; the crag-top monastery of Melk, famed for its library; Vienna, whose son Johann Strauss wrote a choral-waltz in its honour; Budapest, under whose bridges the "Blue Danube" flows in fact as in fancy.

High Switzerland is the birthplace of two famous rivers, one of them the Rhine, which tumbles down fir-clad mountains before it passes Germany's castled crags and vineyards, to merge into the flats of Holland. Formed of soil the river carries on its way, this little land was claimed by Napoleon because he already controlled the Alps. Also a child of the glaciers is the Rhône, rising in the neighbourhood of the St. Gotthard railway-tunnel. Beyond Lake Geneva, it pours into the sunny land of France, sweeping through the silk-city of Lyons, hurrying past the warm, red roofs of Avignon, the stately ruins of the Palace of the Popes, to form a golden strand in the Van Gogh painting that is brilliant Provence.

Less restless are the placid rivers of Touraine, where the Loire and its attendant streams are on intimate terms with the exquisite white chateaux and mirror such turretted aristocrats as Amboise, Blois and graceful Chenonceau, whose galleries stride the tiny Cher and are filled with quivering light. Soft green also suffuses the Seine, parent river to Paris, which was born on a fishermen's island shaped curiously like a boat. Centre of an extensive river-system, yet as if unsullied by commercialism, the Seine glides past Notre-Dame and the Eiffel Tower, with time for leisurely book-stalls on the *quais*.

Italy's rivers are likewise streams of culture; the Tiber, circling among seven hills recalling the grandeur that was Rome, can be rosy with the dawn of history. It wafted those celebrated twins, Romulus and Remus, cast adrift in a cradle, to shore by a fig tree, where they were suckled by a she-wolf, and lived to found the eternal city. Through the vale of Tuscany winds the tawny Arno, lapping the stones of Florence, home of the arts,

remembering that Dante, Giotto, and Botticelli walked by it.

"Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song," wrote Spenser, one of England's many lyrical poets. Painters have admired it from Chelsea; Whistler put its misty reaches into his "Nocturnes." By American standards the Thames is a small river—it trickles a mere two-hundred-and-fifty miles; but they are all beauty as it steps down from the Cotswold hills, through meadow-sweet lock-land. It bows to the splendour of Westminster and the age of the Tower, before docks claim it and the craft of the Seven Seas. Lower Thames shares industrialism with smoke-laden Tyne, Mersey, and Clyde, but it remembers that Shakespeare's Globe Theatre stood on its banks. This year's quatercentenary of the playwright's birth will call audiences to pleasant Warwickshire, and Stratford's Memorial Theatre, watching the swans on the silvery Avon.

Across the Atlantic the Americans can rise alike to the adventurous and the spectacular in rolling rivers. The Rio Grande sings a shanty of sailing-ships, the Yukon, Klondike, and Sacramento a camp-song of gold-rush days. The Hudson remembers both an intrepid Englishman and the Washington Irving stories inspired by its more serene valley. Canada's St. Lawrence, dominating old maps of the New World, tells of Cartier and pioneering French fur-traders and missionaries. Starting its career at Lake Ontario among no less than a Thousand Islands, it is useful as well as ornamental, shipping grain from the prairies, transformed into a Seaway serving inland ports.

Long ago, in America's West, the lost Colorado river was found again in the magnificent Grand Canyon of Arizona its turbulence had carved over the ages. All too visible to the Redskins was their "Great River" the Mississippi, with its frequent overflow to awe them, until man-made miracles built the embankments called "levees." A celebrated American humorous author worked as a youth on a Mississippi steamboat, taking his pen-name "Mark Twain" from an expression denoting a certain depth of water.

Joined by the Missouri on its four-thousand-mile course, "Old Man River" flows through Southern cotton-fields, collecting their bales. Last century came its peak, with a fleet of palatial paddle-steamers joined by theatrical "Show Boats," whistling a way to the flourishing port of New Orleans. Times change, but Theodore Roosevelt's prophecy may yet come true: "The type of civilization reached in this mighty valley, in this vast stretch of country lying between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, the Great Lakes and the Gulf, will largely fix that of the Western hemisphere."

Long as is the Mississippi, South America owns the most fabulous of all rivers, the Amazon, discovered in 1540 by De Orellano, who mistook the skirted Indians for the Amazonian women of myth. This was Brazil's vast

body of water conjectured in a book of the period:

There existed somewhere or other a country traversed by a white sea whose waves rolled over sands of gold and a beach of diamonds. Its capital Manao (Manaos) was a great city full of palaces . . . the storehouse of all the riches of the world. There reigned a man called "The Golden One," "El Dorado," and his body scintillated with golden sequins even as the sky with stars.

Many sought in vain for El Dorado down the Amazon, although the scientist Humboldt found his botanical treasure. Modern possibilities of wealth vanished when the wild Para rubber, seeds of which had been germinated in the hot-houses at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew, was found by experiment to thrive better in the Far East. Yet the "Mediterranean of South America" commands respect with its majestic progress of nearly four thousand miles. Not always is it negotiating rapids or exploring jungles hung with vines, glimmering with rare birds and butterflies. Hundreds of tributaries from Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Venezuela enable it to supply thirty thousand miles of navigable waterway; like Tennyson's brook it seems to flow on for ever.

DUDLEY GLASS

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

—COLERIDGE

LIKE A WOLF ON THE FOLD

[**Mr. Roy Bridger** comes of country stock. Inducted through the usual educational processes into the business world, he rebelled vigorously against it, and went back to agriculture, and especially to the ideal of a self-supporting holding. In the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland he has re-created a productive holding from what was derelict land. As a pioneer of the back-to-the-land movement in Britain, he has endeavoured, in his writing, to disseminate true ideas about "working with Nature." Readers will find his previous articles on his subject in the *ARYAN PATH* volumes of 1957-60.—ED.]

ALTHOUGH haphazard changes are feared, it is recognized that change cannot be kept back. Planning schemes may fail to live up to expectations, but planning has to go on without a break. Yet planning to unknown ends hardly makes more sense than no planning at all. Are there any supreme world-wide facts or necessities which must always be kept in mind? There are.

The first is the fact of the military weapon runaway. If some far-travelling galaxy inspector were to visit our planet and enquire from its space official how things were going, the first answer would probably be: "Nuclear weapons still piling up." INSPECTOR: "Looks like something might be happening." OFFICIAL: "Looks like it."

And the most probable next news of earth happenings? It could be: "They look like losing the oryx, the orang-utan, and the whooping crane."

The headlong rate of human expansion has favoured a limited number of species like the rat and the sparrow, which have adapted themselves to secure new advantages from the changed conditions. But for much of wild life the competition has become disastrous. One-third of all species becoming extinct within the last two thousand years have disappeared since 1900.

Once a species has decreased below a certain point, individuals are dispersed, breeding falls off, and extinction threatens. Once it has gone, it can never be restored. The stepping-stones by which it came into existence have been swept away. Its manifold precursors have long since disappeared through natural selection. It has taken with it over the edge not only its outward shape but its built-in "programme" governing its ecological niche, feeding habits, and migratory instincts.

Far back in time it was ordained that such creatures as the pterodactyl and the dinosaurs could be spared. Today other species are passing from the scene. Perhaps they too will not be missed. On the other hand we can never be sure what unsuspected human life-lines a doomed species may be taking into extinction with it. We can never say with assurance that the loss is only nature's. It is said that every time a grasshopper jumps, the

earth recoils slightly in the opposite direction. There is no creature so small or so short-lived as to be without influence on the fortunes of the rest.

The influence may be for the better. Something is demanded of all creatures. The earth carries no free passengers. Or the influence may be for the worse. The individual is surrounded by multitudes of potentially hostile organisms.

But in the world of nature no individual or species can be destructive in an unlimited way. Even waste, in an absolute sense, does not really occur. If the world today is out of balance, it is because ecological confines have at last been broken by one runaway species — man. The supreme world-wide necessity is to realize — in time — that the process has strict limits, that the world of nature and the world of man are so interdependent that the so-called conquest of nature grows more and more perilous to man himself all the time.

As a recent conservationist work puts it: "Already on every continent the food webs are tearing apart, often in ways that defy prediction and challenge repair or replacement."

In some parts of the world, man has wrought such destructive changes in the environment as to make it fit only for locusts. First, he cut down the trees. Then he burnt off the secondary scrub. By this time there was no cover left for the birds which formerly kept locusts in check. It only wanted extensive areas of green crops elsewhere to encourage the locusts to swarm in plague numbers. And these man obligingly planted.

When vegetational cover runs down in earnest, soil erosion sets in with problems of alarming magnitude. In one area in Turkey, overgrazing has so impoverished the soil that the wind has scooped out a huge basin which has filled with rain to make a new lake. This has attracted enormous flocks of geese. The remaining crops are either eaten up or laid flat. When the geese rise from feeding, they darken the sky so much as to blot out the sun. The villagers have tried beating drums and firing guns, so far without success.

Whether vegetational cover is poor or rich, it is always vulnerable to upsets in the natural balance. During the last war, patrols on the coast of Bermuda maintained vigilance lest enemy submarines should appear. They did not. But the forerunners of a scale insect which was to lay low much of the economy of the island were being carried in unnoticed on some imported shrubs. The insects began to attack the trees in Bermuda's highly important cedar groves, which provided effective windbreaks, firewood, and durable timber. Control measures failed. Today the forests have gone. Timber and firewood have to be imported. Bananas, which formerly flourished, also have to be imported, as the plantations cannot thrive without windbreaks.

In the big cereal-growing areas of the world, natural retaliation at highly vulnerable monoculture has been severe. In the savanna regions of Africa, the weaver bird, *Quelea quelea*, has been laying waste cereal fields on a scale comparable to the ravages of the locust. Huge swarms disperse over every area where grain is to be found. Flocks contain millions of birds. Their nesting sites cover hundreds of acres, the nests being in tall trees, each of which may contain up to a thousand nests. One swarm in a two-acre Transvaal roost numbered over three million birds. Wheat crops in Kenya and Tanganyika have been greatly damaged. Large-scale rice-growing schemes in Senegal may have to be abandoned. Many farmers are having to give up growing sorghum. Explosives and flame-throwers have been tried without noticeable success. Aerial spraying of roosts leads to the birds dispersing over wide areas, leaving their dead bodies to poison vultures and various animals, with rotting carcasses littering hundreds of square miles.

Australia's main crops are almost all cereals, chiefly wheat, of which the country is the world's fourth largest exporter. But cheap flour for the industrial world is not being wrested from the dry island continent without trouble. Kangaroos are laying waste the fields on a scale comparable to the ravages of the weaver birds. Huge herds disperse over every area where nearly ripe wheat is to be found. Large-scale wheat-growing schemes may have to be abandoned. Thousands of miles of fences have been built, but the kangaroos just go over the top.

It is in South Australia that the monoculture of wheat has been most extensive. Today, after a century of wheat and fallow, wheat and fallow, with the soil recovering just sufficiently in the year's rest to support yet another extractive crop, South Australia is facing soil erosion on an unprecedented scale. In some parts 75 per cent of the topsoil has been scoured off. Whirled aloft by high winds, the soil particles gather into a vast dust pall extending to a height of 6,000 feet, closing airports, bringing traffic to a standstill, and compelling Adelaide dockers to wear goggles.

Natural retaliation is one of the fiercest of adversaries, and agriculture is getting more and more in its toils. There are few signs that it is learning any lessons. Still to be solved is the riddle of how to protect farming's increasingly vulnerable crops from ever more determined pest attacks, while at the same time avoiding killing off beneficial insects, birds, and animals indiscriminately — and poisoning the consumer into the bargain.

There is no escape, even for migrants. A report issued by the Fish and Wildlife Service of the U.S. Department of the Interior states:

A few grams of a highly stable pesticide material evenly dispersed in the atmosphere could yield a deposit of several thousand molecules per square foot over the entire world, including the oceans.

The world was threatened with an insecticide fall-out as well as a radioactive fall-out, Dr. N. W. Moore, head of the Toxic Chemical and Wild Life section of the Nature Conservancy, warned the 1963 meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen. He said a position was fast approaching where decisions would have to be made on which species were to be selected for passing on to the future.

This was a desperate responsibility indeed — for the very species which was itself threatened with dispossession from its own native earth. As Dr. Arnold Toynbee sees it, within the next hundred years the world's population might have reached 25,000,000,000. By that time all the cities will have coalesced. Their populations will be displaced persons, uprooted from the only life man has known since neolithic times. Dr. Toynbee is emphatic that if provisions are to be made to meet the menace, there is no time to lose. Cosmopolis is bearing down on us at the speed of a comet.

"The crisis in human settlement may soon outstrip even disease and famine as the gravest risk — short of war — facing the human species," said a delegate at a world planning conference in Athens. The conference was told that big cities were growing ever more rapidly and defying control. By the year 2000, when world population would have reached 7,000,000,000, cities with more than a million inhabitants would account for 2,600,000,000 people, against 370,000,000 at present. The accompanying building programme necessitated over these few decades would equal the whole building accumulation over the past 6,000 years. What we think of as a jungle today will be insignificant in magnitude and complexity when compared with the settlements of the future.

World population has been increasing at rising speed, especially since about 1900. By 1946 it was increasing at the rate of 22,000,000 a year. By 1959 the rate was 50,000,000. It has been estimated that 1 in 25 of all human beings who have ever lived are alive today. It follows that 1 part in 25 of all the demands that man has ever made on food supplies and other essential natural products is being made today, together with the enormous extra non-essential demands arising from higher standards of living. Science and progress face giant forces, labour as they may.

Referring to popular notions of social and technical progress, Dr. J. G. Harrar, director of the Rockefeller Foundation, told the International Congress of Nutrition that mankind was reaching the end of the pleasant path of wishful thinking on unlimited production possibilities.

Recalling the 140,000 refugees who escaped from Angola into the Congo, where they created a famine-relief crisis, United Nations population experts have pointed out that this number of new arrivals are coming into the world every day. Supposing them to be assembled in a single file, by the end of a year this would reach from London to New Zealand. Supposing

it to move past a ration point, each person to receive a loaf of bread, half a pint of milk, and one fish, by the time everyone had filed past the ration point the supplies handed out would require an increased wheat acreage the size of the Isle of Wight, over three million extra cows, and ninety new fishing fleets as big as Fleetwood's.

All for just one meal in the year. The full target would call for doubling present food production in the short space of seventeen years.

It follows that it would also call for repeated doubling according to further population increases. It follows also that the dwindling band of land managers will be required to exercise increasing skill in wresting ever more produce from diminishing sources. For when nature rebels in strength, when fear rolls down the skyscraper and destruction scatters along the crowded street, what will it avail if there are none but a people of atom-splitters who cannot split a furrow, of space travellers unable to shoe a horse? Who then, among the desperate multitude, will undertake to put things right?

ROY BRIDGER

RAIN-REDOLENT

I walk at evening on the giving earth—
the earth exuberant, and freshly bathed—
and deeply drink the piercing sweet of April
rain-redolent.

DOROTHY ELLIN FLAX

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

“GENTLE REBEL”*

WITHOUT men of the calibre of Pethick-Lawrence, politics would be a sorry business. They civilize its practices by their integrity, and keep its conflicts within decent bounds by their capacity to love both justice and reason. Not without ambition, and certainly not without deeply held convictions, they are nevertheless basically a gentle breed, allergic to fanaticism, intolerance, and the battle for the Top Places in politics. On this account, all too often they slip quickly from public memory and their achievements remain unrecorded. Their lives have much to tell us, but they do not attract biographers to do the telling. Perhaps Pethick-Lawrence was never really in danger of this treatment, so long and fully did he live, so many were his friends, and so important — and not undramatic — were the causes to which he was devoted. But we must certainly thank Vera Brittain for making sure of this, by painting a portrait full of interest and unobtrusive affection; a portrait, too, with Emmeline beside him, in full view, as is her due.

Pethick's inborn sense of justice and love of his fellow men and women ensured that he would be involved in the great “causes” of his time — for women's suffrage, peace, socialism, and the rights of subject peoples, including especially the independence of India — all of which were bound to throw him into the company of passionate and impatient persons, and situations of violent conflict. How the “gentle rebel” steered his course through the moral and other dangers of this situation, too honest to seek a facile way out, is well recorded by Miss Brittain, who lets Pethick and Emmeline give us their own thoughts, not always in harmony, on resistance to evil, the power and limitations of non-

violence, and the personal philosophies which guided them through the dilemmas of their fully committed lives. (The true flavour of Pethick's lucid, principled, and wise reasoning can be quickly gained from reading the first few paragraphs of his letter on the militant suffrage agitation to Professor Trevelyan, which Miss Brittain helpfully includes in an Appendix.)

In a vein of gentle criticism, it may be said that Pethick's religious beliefs — his “quest for conscious union with the Great Spirit who founded the laws of life,” his conviction that “Hitler is a kind of embodied Karma” to be violently resisted in order to prove that “brute violence fails,” and so on — come over rather disjointedly. The pieces do not add up to a whole. It is not quite adequate, though not unreasonable, to refer us to his autobiography.

Pethick fought seven elections for Labour, won five, and served his Party (which meant serving its ideals of social justice) in the Houses of Parliament for thirty-four years. Yet he has never been recognized as one of the great architects of British Socialism. Wisely, Miss Brittain does not harp upon the seeming injustice of this fact. It does not seem to have worried Pethick, who fought more happily for others than for himself. In place of complaint, Miss Brittain gives us the record of his service, and the spirit in which he enjoyed parliamentary life and its opportunities. The reader can find Pethick standing firmly for a negotiated peace in the First World War and against appeasement during the approach of the Second, and condemning the “betrayal” of the party by Macdonald and Snowden in 1931, with greater knowledge and authority, but with much less bitterness, than many

**Pethick-Lawrence: A Portrait*. By VERA BRITTAİN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 232 pp. Illustrated. 1963. 25s.)

around him. We can find much more that does not add up to the picture of a "crusted old Tory," which in foolish moments some militant partisans sought to present of him.

Above all, this book will be welcomed by many for the light it throws on "the Indian story," which is a contribution to history, as well as a perceptive presentation of the ordeals of a man of reason and high intentions, setting out at seventy-three years of age to an India seething with bitterness and frustration, bent on creating hope and confidence, and apparently failing — failing to do the impossible and solve the insoluble, in the face of the implacable hostility between two powerful popular movements, unable to govern India together, and each unwilling to let the other do it

alone. Complete failure? Miss Brittain answers this by conveying the truth of the paradox that Pethick and his team, by demonstrating the absolute sincerity of their Mission, and exhaustively working for understanding between the parties, failed in the latter task in such a manner that they laid the foundations of a cruel, but realistic, solution, upon which others could build real achievements. And in this, as in much else that Miss Brittain recalls, Pethick played a key and untiring role, acknowledged by friend and foe alike, but not one that wins the garlands and public applause. These are quietly, and rightly, found in the letters and tributes of those who knew. Miss Brittain gives us just enough of them to see that justice is done — in moderation, as befits her subjects.

ALAN DE RUSSETT

The End of Empire. By JOHN STRACHEY. (A National Book Trust Book. Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. 420 pp. 1962. Rs. 5.00)

The End of Empire is, in a sense, the confession of a member of the British ruling race that his country need not have been enamoured of ruling such an empire. It was not unnatural for Mr. John Strachey (who unfortunately died a few months back), a prominent member of the British Labour Party, to entertain this feeling; for his party set the pace for the progressive liquidation of the British Empire, when in 1947 it freed India from the imperialist grip. Once the process began it could not possibly be stopped despite the Labour Government's being followed by a Conservative one. The Empire has become a Commonwealth, and the Commonwealth stays, its various members being bound to Britain more securely by bonds of friendship than they could have possibly been if the Empire had persisted.

Mr. Strachey discusses the prospects and possibilities open to a post-imperial society like Britain and the implications of the Commonwealth concept. Of

course, Britain took a little time to overcome "an imperial fixation." But the feeling progressively disappeared and Britain proved to be most far-seeing in avoiding the peril implied in holding an empire by force; she achieved what Mr. Strachey describes as a "record of remarkable flexibility."

What of the future of the Empire concept? Mr. Strachey's reading is that there is a likelihood of new and powerful nations like the U.S.A. or Soviet Russia, or China and Soviet Russia combined, establishing empires, though he also realized that the existing balance in world forces would resist the attempt. There will be wide agreement with this assessment of the position. Powerful world forces — the most powerful being of course the growing influence of the United Nations — are becoming more and more formidably ranged against any ambitious power's efforts to subjugate weaker or smaller nations militarily or even to exploit their economic backwardness for its own profit.

According to Mr. Strachey, the world is moving away from imperialism. It is a historical truth that empires decline in course of time, mainly because with the lapse of time "they cease to be socially creative." Force may delay the

dissolution but it cannot prevent it ultimately. The most recent national struggles of territories subject to French and Portuguese domination underline the inexorable historical truth that if imperialism does not liquidate itself through peaceful transfer of power, it will be liquidated the hard way by the subjugated by violent revolutionary methods.

The future may well be summarized in Mr. Strachey's own words:

There is mounting evidence of the sheer unprofitableness of empires in present-day conditions... we may be entering a new stage in the development of advanced societies in which empire will be unnecessary to them... The internal modifications which they [highly developed capitalist societies] are undergoing, if they are carried far enough, may at least enable them to abstain from empire, if they will.

C. V. H. RAO

Meditation: The Inward Art. By BRADFORD SMITH. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 224 pp. 1964. 21s.)

Ouspensky was once asked by a lady at a meeting to say something about Meditation. He replied: "Meditation is a word you have picked up somewhere." This book, if it is quietly absorbed — and ~~practised~~ — may help any reader to avoid this rather caustic reply. It is intended for the general reader and so very naturally gives an outline of most of the forms of meditation found in the religions and ethical philosophies. It will be useful even as a simple textbook. But that is not its purpose. A Quaker is the author, and we may suppose that Quakers do notice the almost total lack of interior prayer and contemplation

that is to be found in the West, in spite of the many books on the subject that have been published. With the lower mind, which is often only a reflection of outer stimuli, we find ourselves in confusion, and so ask: What is Meditation? over and over again. "Meditation is not words," says the author; "it is experience." So read to obtain what guidance may be given in the book, but unless you experience something, you will want to read a number of other books and still be in confusion.

The writer says, "We all fear death to some extent." No. I have been at several deathbeds; Salvationist, Catholic, No Faith at all. No fear at all to be recognized. Read the book. Form your own opinions and your own preference.

E. V. HAYES

Mysticism: A Study and an Anthology. By F. C. HAPPOLD. (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England. 364 pp. 1963. 6s.)

This is a valuable introduction to the study of this often misunderstood aspect of human consciousness. That mystical states and moods are not the monopoly of professed and admitted types of religious genius known as the mystics but also occur in ordinary mortals in rare moments is well brought out.

The book is in two parts; the first, an analytical and adequate study of mysticism as a human phenomenon, and the second, an illustrative selection of fairly full extracts from mystical and other writings. The selection closely fol-

lows the lines of the study. The author brings to the study a mind well armed with knowledge of the classics on the subject. He reaffirms the autonomy of the mystic consciousness as an independent functioning of the human spirit and in the main follows Dr. Radhakrishnan's celebrated standpoint in *The Idealist View of Life*, particularly Chapter Three on Religious Experience, where perhaps for the first time in modern philosophy it is maintained that the empirical method made famous in the study of the natural sciences can equally well be adopted in the understanding of mystical phenomena. Adapting the words of Dr. Radhakrishnan we may say:

... the consubstantiality of the spirit in man with the Supreme Reality is the conviction fundamental to all mystical experience.

As Dr. Happold aptly observes,

the mystics are the fore-runners of a type of consciousness which will become more and more common as mankind ascends higher and higher up the ladder of evolution.

It is interesting to an Indian reader to observe how closely the author, in his analysis of the types of mysticism, approximates to the well-known Indian systems of Yoga. The *Dhyāna Yoga* has its parallel to the Contemplative Life; the mysticism of love and Union is exactly the *Bhakti-mārga*; the mysticism of Knowledge and Understanding is nothing other than *Jñāna-mārga*; and

the Mysticism of Action is *Karma-mārga*.

This well-read author, however, is not free from the usual misunderstanding of Hindu mysticism (probably resulting from an anxiety to claim for the Christian faith a unique stress on a holy life in the temporal world) which identifies it with world-negation. Though this has been refuted effectively in the chapters on Mysticism by Dr. Radhakrishnan in his *Eastern Religions and Western Thought*, the misunderstanding persists.

Nevertheless Dr. Happold is to be congratulated, and his readers cannot be sufficiently grateful for his competent guidance to the study of a very important aspect of human life and experience.

D. GURUMURTI

Language, Meaning and Persons. By NIKUNJA VIHARI BANERJEE. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 173 pp. 1963. 30s.)

The discussion here is protracted, and often tortuous and difficult, perhaps sometimes gratuitously so. Learned, penetrating, and challenging, it may yet evoke the complaint that so vast a philosophical apparatus is devoted to so minute a philosophical thesis.

Dominating the discussion is a "philosophic vision." There is the reality of the human "we," to be interpreted as the "I *with* others." In this "we," each self, being a self with others, is a person, a concrete reality displaying, and nurtured by, sympathy, love, serenity. Apart from the "we" each self is a mere individual or selfish ego, and as such an abstraction, displaying and tormented by, greed, fear, hope, loneliness, a restlessness in bondage to the passions, a deprivation of that personal life which is its proper home. The "we," which is essentially temporal, essentially characterized by an "after," is unceasingly active as universal imagination, with its universal "plan for action," for the liberation of men from their personal deprivation.

It is the proper business of philosophy to grasp the vision of this all-important

human situation, to assert and defend it against assaults, whether blatant or insidious, not least from such diverse sophistications as technology, science, materialism, theism, metaphysical or political absolutism, linguistic analysis, existentialism. The philosopher need not hesitate to borrow from these enemies of the "realm of the personal." But he should pursue philosophy as itself above all the enemy of these enemies. For example, philosophy should combine with religion, with a view to their

rehabilitation under the common title of humanism, charged with the task of solving the problem of the principles of conduct so as to show the way to the undoing of the universal predicament of mankind... with no less an object in view than to warn man against the suicidal folly of submission to power and to meet the age-old challenge of technology-science coupled with the predatory instinct of the animal in man.

From his withering barrage against diverse intellectual confusions, the author would claim as a modest, yet apparently sufficient, result,

the vindication of our old concepts of the realm of the personal, time as it is for us and the plan for action, all together yielding the concept of the *person* that serves to lay bare

the hidden *truth* that we as human beings are essential to one another.

Yet somehow the author leaves me dissatisfied on at least two main counts. If philosophy is to be more than a matter of arbitrary subjective determination, its defining concern would seem to be not simply with the human, but with such an enquiry into what is knowledge as may itself be ancillary to the elucidation of whether or not there is knowledge in whatever field of experience or discussion makes a claim to the display

of knowledge. Whereupon, in a philosophical work having as its central notion the "I *with* others = we" which is "characterized as the 'realm of the personal'" I could have welcomed a more explicit grappling with the question whether we indeed have knowledge of a "we" which is more than simply individuals variously interrelated, while yet not being identified with some kind of mystically entertained universal consciousness.

M. KAYE

Towards a Unified Faith. By ARNULE. K. ESTERER. (Philosophical Library, New York. 102 pp. 1963. \$3.75)

The author could not have presented his book to the world at a more opportune time. It looks as though, inebriated with his achievements in the physical sciences, Man has lost faith in God and a higher order controlling this Universe. Never in the world's history was mankind so much at the mercy of the caprices of the "individual Man." A book that gives a rational insight into life as it ought to be and explains the responsibility of the "thinking man" is most welcome.

The book points the way to a universal faith based on appreciation of its spiritual values. It defines the physical world, as we see it, as a part of the larger spiritual world and attempts to synthesize the apparent antipodes, Science and the Spirit. This is in a great measure achieved by adopting the concept of the "matter-comb" passing through the space-time continuum involving changes in the force-fields at different moments of its journey. It is called "matter-comb" because the device combs all the various fields of "matter-space-time" during its passage through the Spirit-Universe. The author has tried to base his theory on proved scientific principles, with a reasonable acceptance of the influence of the spiritual aspect of this creation. The equivalence of matter and energy, and the soundness of the laws of thermodynamics in physics; the reconciliation of

Darwin's ordered progress in evolution and genesis of new species with spontaneous mutation and natural selection in biology; and a possible compatibility between free-will and determinism on the philosophical plane are some of the important subjects to which the author has shown that his matter-comb concept can be applied successfully.

The teachings of the *Gita* are reflected in the statements "We have no control over the external world. . . . This makes us active spectators in the drama of life," and "Outstanding personalities like Christ, Buddha. . . . It is entirely possible that such beings may appear again." When the author speaks of the probability that other matterless forms of communication might exist, one thinks automatically of the parapsychic phenomena, with their non-physical energy and non-sensory nature, which have come to be accepted by a large part of the scientific world today.

The author does not seem to share the pessimism of Toynbee and Albert Schweitzer about the future of our civilization, as he remarks:

A fervent renaissance based on the recognition of the one-ness of the Spirit-Universe, and our objective of harmonizing or balancing ourselves might well kindle "a new-perhaps-permanent-flame" in the human mind, give it stability and an objective to work for.

The adoption of the matter-comb arrangement has not served to explain the genesis of the cosmos. The explanation that this arrangement goes into a

"static state" to produce the phenomenon of "life after death" is too abstruse for the average mind.

The author could not have given a more fitting ending to his stimulating

book than by quoting Joseph Fort Newton:

My message has been very simple. To live well, we must have a faith to live by, a self to live with, and a work to live for. . . .

MIRLE PUTTAIYA

Letters to Malcolm: Chiefly on Prayer. By C. S. LEWIS. (Geoffery Bles, London. 159 pp. 1964. 12s. 6d.)

The late Professor C. S. Lewis was the master of many media of writing: learned treatises on literary matters, imaginative novels, solid theology, and even books of high quality for children. Yet for many he is supremely the writer of letters. Here is the collection of a score or so written to an old friend at the deeper level.

The heart of the matter is private prayer and the reader is privileged, as it were, to be allowed to listen to two men of sensibility and discernment discussing the most intimate theme of all. There are many allusions which the outsider will never understand but they serve to make the conversation real and not one contrived to serve artificially as the vehicle of argument. The impression of the existential is deepened at

one point when, during the interchange, the interlocutor's son is suspected of grave disease. At this point what might have developed into mere speculation becomes very practical indeed. This kind of soul-baring could easily become offensive, sentimental, mawkish. Here it never does so but is salted with sanity, wit, and sheer common sense.

It is likely that this book will have most to say to those who have been where Lewis and his friend have been in the things of the spirit, but no-one who reads seriously will fail to catch something. There can be few books which show more clearly what Christianity is all about — on the interior side — and in so artless and attractive a manner. The very excellence of this posthumous book makes the thought that there can be no successor the more poignant.

MARCUS WARD

Freedom-Determinism-Indeterminism. By ANATOL VON SPAKOVSKY. (Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague. 117 pp. 1963)

The idea of freedom has played a tremendous role in the history of mankind. Yet its content has been vague and variable and limited. This little book is one more attempt to analyse the concept against the general background of determinism and indeterminism. The learned author is a Russian-born professor of philosophy now domiciled in the United States. The presentation is highly condensed and deals with the impact of scientific ideas on the philosophic outlook. There is a fairly detailed examination of the standpoints of Fred Hoyle and Sir James Jeans. The book also discloses a broad understanding of the leading notions of Eastern philosophy.

The author's general perspective can be gathered from a passage like the following:

At the end of our reflections we can say that the material reality of the universe is determined by both space and time, the psychological reality of human consciousness only by time, and by space only in the relation to the human body as a part of the material universe. The cosmic spiritual reality (Cosmic Thought — consciousness or in the religious terms — God or Godhead) is determined neither by space, nor by time, nor by number, which become its determinants only in its relation to the material reality as its creation or emanation.

There are numerous references to Indian thought, and to key terms like *Karma* and *Maya*. He takes the former idea as the most complete expression of

inner determinism. One suspects that the author's acquaintance with Oriental philosophy may be derivative: his description of the goal of *Yoga*, for example, is based on a book by Ernest Wood. What is more surprising is that the only reference to Bergson is culled from Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy*.

Although he is confident about the superiority of European and American culture, there are appreciative comments

about the ideal of the holy man and about Buddha's Middle Path. At the same time, the author deprecates any dogmatic cult of non-violence irrespective of circumstances. The thesis of the book is plausible, but, in the absence of definition and criticism of the fundamental assumptions and presuppositions, not very convincing. Although one misses any striking originality of thought or exposition, the book is readable and suggestive.

K. GURU DUTT

Kālidāsa-Samīkṣā. Edited by SRI-KRISHNA SARMA. (Shri-Venkateshwara University, Tīrupati. 122 pp. 1962. Rs. 4.00)

This neatly brought out booklet represents the proceedings of a seminar on Kālidāsa held under the auspices of the Department of Sanskrit, Tirupati University, in January 1962. It consists of three speeches and two talks in Sanskrit besides six papers and two general speeches in English. The addresses and lectures are mostly general and popular, calculated to win the attention of even non-specialists, and one should not, perhaps, expect striking originality or penetrating interpretation in these. But this deficiency is more than made up for by the uniformly high excellence attained by some of the research papers in the volume. Dr. Varadachari's detailed study of the *Gr̥hya* ceremonials in the

works of Kālidāsa, Dr. Subba Rao's illuminating account of the un-Pāṇinian usages of Kālidāsa in the light of traditional attempts by grammarians at justifying them, and Dr. Srikrishna Sarma's scholarly and interesting paper on etymologies offered by Kālidāsa for his own words deserve particular mention as contributing to the abiding value of the booklet. There are other readable papers on Kālidāsa's choice of metres and psychology of love. One writer attempts ingeniously to suggest that Kālidāsa's *Vedānta* was of the *Viśiṣṭādvaita* brand! Though we cannot bring ourselves to say that the matter included does anything like justice to the many-sided genius of Kālidāsa or to the unsolved problems about his works, we unhesitatingly welcome the publication as a useful addition to existing literature on the subject.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

The Song of Divine Love (Gita-Govinda) of SRI JAYADEVA. Translated into English poetry with a life of Jayadeva and a Running Commentary by DUNCAN GREENLEES. (Kalakshetra Publications, Madras. 102 pp. Reprint 1962)

This is a translation with some additional notes of Jayadeva's celebrated twelfth-century lyrical monologue. The stanzas are grouped into sets, each containing eight verses with appropriate musical notes. Hence the popularity of the *aṣṭapadi*. It takes a mid-position as literary art, between pure drama and

pure lyric. There are translations by Ruckert in German, in English by Sir Edwin Arnold and others, and in French by Gaston Courtillier. But the present translation brings out not only the sense and the rich imagery but also the musical excellence of the work. Tradition holds that Jayadeva's wife accompanied the recital of the poem with dancing.

The poem describes in great detail a form of devotion favourite with the poets, known as *nāyaka-nayikā-bhāva*. The feelings of the devotee for the Lord are portrayed in terms of the anguish of the lover for his love. The story is sim-

ple. Radha, a favourite milkmaid (*gopi*) of Krishna, having tasted the sweetness of his love, seeks more and more of it, and desires to have a monopoly of it. She experiences, alternately, thrills and anguishes, shudders and ecstasies, pangs of separation and the joys of the memory of the union, and luxuriates in such moods. She is angry with Krishna and jealously imagines that he is engrossed with some other devotees to her neglect. An emissary *gopi* describes to each the other's pangs of separation.

Rādhā is distraught by her love's despair and is tormented by the past memories. The emissary, at last, asks Rādhā to give up her egotism and the feeling that she has won the Lord through her charms and beauty of personality. After this unreserved, total, conscious self-surrender (*sarvabhāvena*, as the *Gītā* puts it) Rādhā attains

perfect acceptance and absolute union with the Lord.

The varying moods of the lovers are portrayed with amazing insight into the psychology of erotic love, in unforgettable words set to music and dance. The great religious leader, Chaitanya, was moved to trance by the recital of this poem.

The entire poem is interpreted as an allegory of man's soul in quest of God-realization. The eroticism is only a symbol of the intensity of the longing of the soul. It is significant for us to note that Gandhiji looked upon this poem with dread; for he feared it might lead to emotional extravagance under the cover of *bhakti*. The translation is readable and gives us the taste of the original. This poem is the *locus classicus* on *madhurā bhakti* in Sanskrit literature.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

Rabindranath Tagore: A Life Story. By KSHITISH ROY. Translated from the Bengali by LILA RAY. (Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, New Delhi. 90 pp. Illustrated. 1961. Rs. 2.50)

This brief and modest book is informative by matter and delightful by manner. The simple but lucid and graceful English of the translation retains the fervour and freshness of the original and is marked by clarity of both thought and expression.

Although it is not a full-scale biography yet the life and development of Tagore's personality has been very successfully portrayed. Here is a feeling presentation of straightforward biographical details about Tagore and his family. The life-portrait of Tagore that emerges out of the book is that of an intensely sympathetic and generous man, full of warmth and wisdom, a poetical genius, a living symbol of creative life-energy, a great pioneer in the field of education, devoted to the elevation and upliftment of mankind as a great whole. In tracing the lineage of Rabindranath, the author has thrown light on a little-known aspect of the

development of Tagore's personality: the fine qualities of head and heart he inherited from his god-like father. His devotion to God, his genius *par excellence* for poetic expression of his innermost feelings, his meditative temperament, his deep interest in the betterment of common people, his high sense of patriotism, his sufferings and sacrifices for noble causes — all these, the author tells us, were to a great extent inherited from his noble father.

Tagore was an embodiment of the country's ancient wisdom and a magnificent example of the fulfilment of life, and its negation. He interpreted for us the true spirit of our cultural heritage and gave an "emotional content to our yearning to be free and to forge ahead."

The world of Tagore's poetry is a world of rich imagery, of delicate melody, of deep lyricism. It is "a call to joy, a hymn to the world and man, to human friendship, to lovers' happiness, a landscape of his homeland, a song of India." Tagore was not only a great literary genius excelling in his poetic composition. He was also a great social reformer. He championed the cause of the oppressed humanity all over the

world. Religion was the deepest thing in Tagore's life; art came second. His religion was the religion of man. He believed that there could be no higher worship of the Divine than service of the common man.

Great in his own right by virtue of his genius and *sādhana*, Tagore lived a

richly endowed life that dedicated itself to the service of the nation and the world at large. The advent of Rabindranath Tagore on India's literary and cultural stage opened an epoch, the impact of which, in terms of literary activity and cultural renaissance, has been widely felt and continues to be felt.

SURENDRANATH AGNIHOTRI

Studies in Bengali Poetry. By HUMAYUN KABIR. (Bhavan's Book University. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 119 pp. 1962. Rs. 2.00)

In the forties, Shri Humayun Kabir brought out an English version of some of his essays published in a Bengali quarterly in the thirties. These essays have been collected now as a book in the useful Book University series of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

There are altogether seven neat chapters in this brief study of Bengali poetry from its beginnings to the present day. Shri Kabir traces the social and political condition of Bengali in the first chapter and accounts for the rise of Islam in East Bengal by the lingering traditions of the Buddhist Revolution.

According to him in the Vaishnava poetry of Bengal we find an artistic representation of the conflict between Brahmanism and Islam and its resolution. The emphasis on individuality in these lyrics is due mainly to the inspiration of Islam.

The impact of Islam on the Hindu outlook created in West Bengal the Vaishnava lyrics. In East Bengal, this brought to birth the ballads and lays of which *Manasa Mangal* is the type. Another effect of the spread of Islam is to be found in the growth of interest in fiction.

When the British consolidated their power in Bengal the Hindu middle classes, which did not have memories of political humiliation which could

embitter their thought or restrict their creative energy, experienced a phenomenal development. A tinge of confidence marked their mind, but their spirit of optimism had no social basis and could not last long.

Perhaps one of the greatest achievements of Tagore is that he converted the static complacency of the conscious sections into active nationalism. Shri Kabir analyses very ably Tagore's poetic make-up and accounts for his popularity and influence. I, for one, found this chapter on Tagore the most readable.

In the last two chapters, Shri Kabir discusses the post-Tagore and the contemporary periods.

Many of the poets of the post-Tagore period showed great promise in early youth, but the promise was seldom fulfilled. Shri Kabir ascribes this to the cultural saturation of the Hindu middle classes and the division between the educated and the uneducated.

Throughout the book, Shri Kabir's attempt has been to explain the development of Bengali poetry on the basis of the differences in the fortunes of the Hindu and Muslim middle classes. This approach has given the book a sociological importance and makes it eminently readable. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan deserves congratulations on the book, but perhaps a better photograph of Shri Kabir would have improved the back cover.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

Studies in the Social Thought of M. G. Ranade. By P. J. JAGIRDAR. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 148 pp.

1963. Rs. 12.50)

It is surprising how few young men of today are aware of the vital contri-

butions made to our renaissance by a patriot and reformer like Mahadev Govind Ranade, who stood out among his contemporaries for his intellectual reach and political foresight. Ranade had pondered deeply over the economic poverty, social backwardness, and spiritual lethargy in the India of his day, and had devoted his life to the remedying of these evils. Several biographies and critical reviews of his life and times are available. Shri Jagirdar's book is a welcome addition.

Since Ranade was a prolific writer, a student of his thought, theories, and conclusions has to cull his material from sources scattered far and wide. One is impressed by the author's thoroughness and accuracy in the performance of his task.

Shri Jagirdar makes three points regarding Ranade's observations on the various problems of his day. First: the observations were logically connected with each other and governed by a single system of thought. Secondly: his views on religion and metaphysics were

the mainspring of his general thinking. And thirdly: his thoughts were evolved from the Western tradition, even when he was dealing with Indian situations.

Another interesting comment is about the unusual range of duties Ranade had to perform during his official career. Teacher of many subjects, Marathi Translator, Administrative Judge, Professor of Literature, and Police Magistrate were some of the offices he held during the first ten years of his service. Shri Jagirdar believes that in this intimacy with various spheres of activities, with their diverse types of social elements, may be found the roots of Ranade's view that all departments of human activities are interrelated, and that progress in one is not possible without progress in others. This integrated view of life seems to be widely accepted now by modern thinkers.

The author has carefully given his sources and appended a useful index at the end. The printing and get-up of the book is in keeping with the high standard of the Asia Publishing House.

N. R. DEOBHANKAR

Folk Elements in Burmese Buddhism. By MAUNG HTIN AUNG. (Oxford University Press, London. xiii+140 pp. 1962. 18s.)

The author, now Ambassador of the Union of Burma in Ceylon, was for many years associated with the University of Rangoon and is well known for his researches in the fields of Burmese folklore and primitive culture. Here he has delved into a mysterious but enchanting realm, the realm of magic, alchemy, and astrology among the Burmese people.

Around A.D. 1056 the Burmese King Anawrahta, in his enthusiasm for Theravada Buddhism, suppressed the primitive cults, "imprisoned" the old gods and *Nats*, and attempted to eliminate the Ari monks who were stout supporters of the old order: he decreed that Buddhism henceforth was to be the national religion, supplanting the native cults and beliefs. But the phenomenon of cultural constancy led to the survival

of the old thought-content behind the veneer of Theravada Buddhism. The rational approach of the new dispensation was necessarily tempered by irrational but strong beliefs, superstitions, and rituals, most of which had been imported from Hindu India. This curious play of the primitive substance in a novel mask forms the subject-matter of this interesting volume.

After a brief general introduction, the author goes on to describe in considerable detail the ceremony of the nine Gods (pp. 7ff), the Feast of the New Year (pp. 23ff), the Magas Cult (pp. 51ff), and the initiation ceremonies known as *Shin-byu* (entry into the Sangha). He has traced the genesis of the ideas of alchemy in Burma, and has given a fine account of its present status. The chapter on the Ari monks (pp. 125ff) is very readable. There are some stories, like that of Thagyamin (pp. 30-31), and of the Monk Bult-Goat (pp. 51-54), which are intriguing.

The author misses a point while explaining the Thagyamin's story (pp. 27ff), which has a parallel in the Gaṇeśa episode of Hindu mythology. He sees the Sanskrit *Śakra* in the Burmese word *Thagyamin*, while it would elucidate the theme better if *Śākyamuni* is taken as the original word. The intimate connection of Gaṇeśa with Buddha (who is also called Vināyaka) in several popular cults, both in India and in Greater India, is now becoming in-

creasingly clear. This story of Thagyamin may possibly throw much light on this problem. The author does not seem to be aware that the Sanskrit word from which the Burmese *Thingyan* is derived is *Sankramaṇa* (pp. 34-35), and that we have a corresponding ceremony in our country.

It is a highly interesting aspect of religion that the author has dealt with in this book, and beyond doubt he has dealt with it in an excellent manner.

S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

Forgotten Kingdom. By PETER GOULLART. (John Murray Paperbacks. John Murray Ltd., London. xx+218 pp. Map and illustrations. 1963. 7s. 6d.)

The John Murray Paperbacks are excellent value. This one will be irresistible to lovers of unfamiliar places and people, despite its sad ending — the "liberation" of the author's *Shangri la* by the Communist red army. The "forgotten kingdom" is Likiang (the ancient Nakhi kingdom of Yunnan), the narrator a Russian whose boyish imagination was fired by the caravan travels of his merchant grandfather and great-grandfather. Escaping from the Russian revolution, after various vicissitudes and travels, even a period in Taoist monasteries, he reached Likiang as Depot Master for the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. His vivid descriptions, of delights and dangers, bring the whole picture to life: busy town and villages in green flower-scattered valleys, rush-

ing waterways, shops and rich caravan trade, festivals and customs, lamaseries and the shamans' weird ceremonies: the Nakhis, gay, sensitive, tolerant, and independent, whose women are the traders and brokers, while men cultivate the ancient arts; the Minkias with their genius at building and carving, aboriginal tribes, brigands, Tibetan *émigrés* — a hodge-podge of fascinating ethnological groups. As background are the virgin snow peaks, gorges, and forests of the beautiful, mysterious, and dangerous country of the Black (Noble) Lolos, warriors who live like knights of the European age of chivalry. Goullart describes also the forty-five co-operatives he organized, the humours and triumphs of his medical clinic, with occasional wise ruminations from his Taoist philosophy. Though he had to take flight from Likiang when disaster came, he has left this valuable, informative legacy of his nine happy years there.

E. WHITE

LEAVES FROM MY SWISS DIARY

[Shri Baldoon Dhingra recounts a conversation on Death with the playwright Eugène Ionesco.—ED.]

WHEN Eugène Ionesco came to see me the other day, we discussed, to begin with, his play *Rhinoceros*. I asked him whether he had read the *Dhammapada*. When he said "No," I recited in my rough and ready French the following passage:

Wander alone like the rhinoceros!
Even as the lion, not trembling at noises,
Even as the wind, not caught in a net,
Even as the lotus-leaf, unstained by the
water,
Do thou wander alone like a rhinoceros!

"Yes, I know," he said, "I realize that the rhinoceros is a solitary animal. I should have called my play *Sheep* or found a more appropriate name for it."

The name *Rhinoceros*, I said, attracted people and in the end it did not really matter because his meaning was clear. We are a flock of sheep.

But what I really wanted to talk to him about was *Le Roi Se Meurt*, his new play about death. Ionesco had sent me tickets for the performance of his play at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. It was a powerful play, stark and intellectual, and disturbing to all who took it seriously. French audiences seldom take any play to heart. Ideas fascinate them and they are never upset by the philosophy of a dramatist so long as they can relish the intellectual repast placed before them. But Ionesco did, I felt, want my reactions to this brilliant *tour de force*. I sent him a card from Geneva where I happened to be soon after. I was struck by the play's resemblance to one particular scene in *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. I asked Ionesco whether he had read it. When I met him later I referred to his preoccupation with Death.

"Indeed," he said to me, "for us Occidentals, death is an absurd and fearsome thing. We have no explanation for it. We have to face the dreadful mystery unprepared."

"Yes, I know," I said. "Your King does not accept it, is not resigned to it, but the elder Queen forces him to come to terms with it."

"Life is, or seems to me, purposeless," Ionesco explained. "Cut off from his religious, metaphysical and transcendental roots, man is lost, all his actions become senseless, absurd, useless."

I referred to one of Ionesco's essays in which he describes his "sense of existence" from his earliest childhood as one of vertigo at the thought of the transitoriness of the world: "I have known no other images of the world apart from those which express evanescence, hardness, vanity, rage, nothingness, and hideous, useless hatred. . . ."

At this point I quoted a verse of the *Bardo*:

When the shapes of the empty thought-forms dawn upon me

May the Buddhas in divine compassion
Cause it to come that there be neither
doubt nor terror in the *Bardo*.

When the bright wisdom of the Five
Wisdoms shines upon me,

Let it come that I, neither awed nor
terrified,

May recognize them to be myself.

"I know," said Ionesco. "I should like to be drawn nearer these attitudes or find them in my own roots, but few Occidentals, Carl Jung included, believe in anything except complete annihilation. Our predicament, as a poet has pointed out, is technological maturity linked with emotional immaturity."

"But one of your compatriots, Mircea Eliade, has gone deeply into this problem in his book on Yoga, *The Myth of the Eternal Return*, and other studies. Do you know these books?" I asked.

"Yes, it would be grand if we can spend an evening with him when he returns from the United States," Ionesco reflected. "We have lost our touch with myth. But I'm grateful for this talk."

Then he sat down and signed several of his books for me: In one of them he said: "To . . . with great respect for his country where we all must go."

BALDOON DHINGRA

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS

TWENTY-SIXTH SESSION, NEW DELHI

4-10 January 1964

NEVER BEFORE had the Vigyan Bhavan in New Delhi so fully deserved its title; never before had so many scholars from many countries of the world gathered in India. Never before had the International Congress of Orientalists (ICO) met on Asian soil.

Established over ninety years ago, the ICO has held only 26 sessions so far, as it meets not annually but every third or the fourth year and as the two World Wars prevented any sessions during the period of hostilities. As the name implies, the Congress was organized mainly by Occidentals, by European scholars wanting to study the languages, literatures, arts, and architecture of the Orient. Its sessions were confined to Europe for the most part. Only in 1905, for the fourteenth session, it went to Algiers. At the twenty-fifth session in Moscow (1960) it was decided to hold the next meeting in India. Thus the twenty-sixth session came to be held in New Delhi (4-10 January 1964).

The deliberations of such an international assembly of pandits are spread over ten main sections, the sixth, Indology, being by far the biggest and most widely studied. For the sake of convenience, Indology has been divided into five sub-heads: Vedic Studies; Classical Sanskrit; Religion and Philosophy; History and Culture; and Modern Indian Languages and Linguistics. At New Delhi more than 400 papers were about Indology, out of a grand total of 817.

The number of delegates and observers was the highest so far — 1,300. The highest before this — 908 — was at Cambridge in 1954.

The delegates and the papers were well looked after. The summaries of the papers were printed and the timetable for their reading was fixed well

in advance.

On the organization side, everything was well arranged; nothing was left to be desired. The compliments paid by the leader of the American delegation were expressive of the full satisfaction of those who attended. As the next session of the ICO is to be in the U.S.A., he warned the delegates in advance that it would be difficult for the Americans to reach the high standard set by the Indian hosts.

Delegates had come from nearly fifty countries, those from the U.S.A. forming the largest single group, 134 scholars ably led by Dr. Norman Brown.

Among the groups of delegates from outside India were: The U.S.A. (134), Germany (65: West 54; East 11), The U.K. (46), U.S.S.R. (38), France (35) Iran (25), Italy (18), The Netherlands (17), Japan (15), Israel (10), Canada (9), Ceylon (9), Czechoslovakia (8), Denmark (8), Hungary (8).

The London School of Oriental and African Studies was well represented, with 14 members from its staff, its Director, Professor C. H. Philips, leading the British delegation. Professor K. de B. Codrington, Sir Harold Baily (Cambridge University), Professor Thomas Burrow (Oxford University), and Mr. S. C. Sutton (India Office Library) were other distinguished pandits from the U.K. In India they met many of their colleagues and students and the number of such intimate friends became so great that a special smaller gathering was arranged for them. Among the Soviet scholars, Professor B. Gafurov, the retiring President of ICO (Moscow, 1960) was present although Academician Y. M. Zhukov was the official leader. Professor V. V. Balabushevich, who had also attended the Indian History Congress,

Poona (27-29 December 1963), Mrs. S. Azimjanova and Mrs. T. V. Grek, were among other Orientalists from the U.S.S.R.

The American interest in Oriental studies is old. The grand work done so far by the Oriental Society is a living monument to the great devotion and sincere attention bestowed on the subject by savants like Bloomfield, Whitney, Edgerton and others. But there seems to be a modern reason for the renewed effort of American scholars in linguistics, in Indian languages in particular. It was B. Lee Whorf who in his posthumous publication, *Language, Thought and Reality* (New York and London, 1956) drew the attention of the world pointedly to the study of linguistics as it was practised in Ancient India by Pāṇini, who had, according to Whorf, "anticipated the most recent forms of linguistics."

Pāṇini was highly algebraic, i.e., pattern-symbolic, in his treatment [declares Whorf]. He used formulas in a very modern way for expressing the obligatory patterns of Sanskrit. It was the Greeks who debased the science... and the effect of their muddling lasted two thousand years. Modern scientific linguistics dates from the rediscovery of Pāṇini by the Western world in the early 19th century. (p. 232)

No startling decisions are taken at such meetings; nor do the pandits at any time declare something to hit the headlines. Theirs is a silent work of digging into the buried past, of finding out the unseen ties between peoples and peoples, by the study of their languages, their modes of life, and what remains of the things used by generations of men long forgotten. It is admittedly a healthy occupation of the mind, a noble profession, to be followed singly if need be with the co-operation of others if they are willing. They serve the entire humanity in such a search of the past, whatever aspect they choose for their study.

Here is a typical cross-section of the topics chosen by different schol-

ars. The Buddhist conception of personality as based on the *Abhidharmakośa* of Vasubandhu was studied by Aruna Haldar from Leningrad (p. 115).¹ Pre-Islamic Iran as depicted by Ibn Khaldun was the subject of the research of Walter J. Fischel, Berkeley (U.S.A.). The early activities of Zoroaster and the quick spread of his teachings from the *Bista* (= Avesta) form a chapter in Khaldun's observations (p. 34). Gypsies, their origin and language, are aspects of Kochanowski's two papers (pp. 144-6). It is suggested that the gypsies belonged to the third group of defeated survivors in the army of Prithviraj Chauhan (1159-93), and went to Europe *via* Afghanistan. The proposed etymology of the word *Romany* (the gypsies' name for their language) is romantic: it is derived from Rama, the hero of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, who was in exile for fourteen years, wanderings being common to Rama and the Gypsies.

R. Sellheim from Frankfurt presented his study of Arabic proverbs, from many MSS. (pp. 348-9). The syntax of tenses and moods in Pāṇini's grammar by Th. Simenschky, Roumania, was yet another instance of how the "dead language" still attracted scholars from far-off countries (pp. 237-8). Colour schemes in Indian aesthetics are considered in a paper submitted by S. Synghal from Jaipur.

Europe's early Indian studies (pp. 178-9) have been traced by V. A. Narain from many records left by the European traveller, the trader, the missionary, and the administrator. These must be considered the pioneers of Indology. Interesting information on this early study is available: a combined dictionary of Persian, Hindusthani, English, and Portuguese was compiled in 1630! In *China Illustrata* (Amsterdam, 1667) are illustrations of the ten *avatārs* of Viṣṇu. The East India Company had sent five high officers to Basrah (Iraq) to study Persian in 1757. *Alphabetum*

¹ Page numbers in parentheses refer to the Printed Summaries of Papers.—S.R.T.

Brammhanicum (Rome, 1771) and *Gramatica Indostana* (Rome, 1778) are publications indicating the early European interest in Indian languages. *Barahmasa* (twelve months) being a form of North Indian folk songs, found in many dialects also, has been carefully studied by Charlotte Vaudeville (Paris). In fact, an exhaustive treatment of this form of folklore will soon be published in book form, *Barahmasa: Origine et Developpement. Viraha-Barahmasa* (Songs of Separation) is a part of the larger whole, even as *Fagu* and *Chaumasa* (four months) songs are. *Fagu*, as the simplified name of the month Falguna, refers to the songs of the *Holi* festival. Also included in the monograph are the *Mangal* (auspicious) songs from Bengali. Thus the book will be a multilingual and multi-

regional study of a common folk-theme. (p. 264-5).

The date of Kanishka (*circa* A.D. 120 to 162) will undergo some change in the light of the Sanskrit-Bactrian inscription discovered by Robert Gobl (Austria). The entire Kushan chronology will have to be reconsidered as a result (pp. 126-7). Similarities between the Indus valley Civilization and the culture represented in the *Atharva Veda* have been tabulated by K. N. Sastri from Jammu (Kashmir).

The International Congress of Orientalists concluded its session in India on a happy note: "Cherishing each other, let us achieve great good." The next session will be held in the U.S.A.

S. R. TIKEKAR

THE most effective way to re-establish the clear consciousness of a universal human nature, a universality . . . is to call attention, in new and vivid ways, to the remarkable unity of man's cultural, moral, and religious experience. It is not a matter of trying to show that . . . all religions are "at bottom" the same; that would not only be superficial, but false. What is needed instead is a new awareness that *man as man*, wherever he may be, *encounters, formulates and seeks to resolve much the same spiritual problems*. An individual does not suffer anguish, for example, as an Indian or as a Frenchman, nor does one face the terror of loneliness or exult in the peace of God as an Italian or an American. One does and suffers all these things as a *man*, as a member of a species occupying a definite place in a cosmic order. . . . Only an awareness of our substantial human nature as revealed in the pervasiveness and universality of our spiritual experience can bring us into a community which includes all mankind.

—JOHN E. SMITH: from a paper presented at the UNESCO-Indian Philosophical Congress Symposium, Ceylon, 1954

ENDS AND SAYINGS

“... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers.”

—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

Professor Sir Bernard Lovell, Director of Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, cites (*Sunday Times*, London, 15 March 1964) some of the technological marvels of today, but adds that his deep admiration

is accompanied by an uneasy feeling that the balance of ethical control of our scientific potential is unstable: in the case of some experiments which are now possible the initial acts may produce results from which there can be no return.

These possible dangers arise from our present ability to shoot “rockets carrying payloads of several tons” out of the earth’s atmosphere. Popular opinion, he writes, blames nuclear explosions for weather deterioration, but these have only the same scale of energy as the thousands of thunderstorms in the earth’s atmosphere at any given time. Where danger may lie is in effects produced in the stratosphere and beyond. The sun’s rays are absorbed at different altitudes; the longer-wavelength rays are absorbed by the clouds and the earth’s surface; the shorter ultra-violet rays are absorbed partly at twenty to thirty miles up, where they raise the temperature, converting some of the oxygen in the atmosphere into ozone, which forms an opaque protection against excessive ultra-violet radiation. If this ozone is contaminated it is easily destroyed, and were it missing for a long period “human beings might suffer the effect of severe sunburn and possible sterilization.” Radical alterations in the temperature distribution could bring about almost unpredictable changes of climate.

This is interesting if one remembers the old legends of the Atlanteans, whose skin changed from brown to black, and who, after their sorcerers had used magic incantations against the sun, daily cursed it for its excessive heat, while whole tracts of land became des-

erts with drought. Interesting, too, is the symbol of the Egg of Brahma, in Hindu mythology, with its seven zones or layers.

Scientists are anxious over the consequences of the pollution of this high-level atmosphere by contaminants from rocket exhausts. For all we know, one research rocket a week might alter conditions permanently in the ozone layer. “The natural night airflow results from the presence of less than 50 lb. of sodium vapour in the high atmosphere,” and a rocket releasing only 10 lb. of it causes a glow all over the eastern coastline of the United States. There is a further possibility. Research in America and Australia shows a striking relationship between rainfall, the phases of the moon, and the incidence of meteoric dust particles in the high atmosphere. Records at Jodrell Bank confirm this last, and correlate the lunar phase with magnetic field variations. Two New York Professors, working with 28,642 cases, claim to have established a significant correlation between magnetic storms and suicides and admissions to mental hospitals. Sir Bernard adds a comment. Disturbances on the sun produce “magnetic storms on the earth, displays of the aurora borealis, and disturbance in the earth’s ionosphere.” Too little is yet known of the complex processes but premises justify the questioning of the effect of continued violent magnetic disturbances (combined with aurora displays), such as are produced by megaton bombs — though most scientists at present would consider fantastic the idea of such repercussions on mental states.

The chief point that Sir Bernard makes is that in solar and interplanetary physics “the laboratory in which the experiments must be made belongs not to one scientist or one nation but to all humanity.” He makes a plea that

decisions on space experimentation should depend not on the ambitions of local and national groups, but on the judgement of the international scientific community. By implication, we presume — since scientists are human also — the scientific community itself would have to look even more firmly to its insights and ethics.

The well-known theologian-sociologist, Dr. Hendrik Kraemer, whose article "The Value of Comparative Study of Religions" (THE ARYAN PATH, June 1959) readers may remember, has stated strongly that the love of God and love of one's neighbour are fundamentally one, and that the true "Church" is wherever the congregation meets outside the material building of the church, and makes alive the Christian principles, as growing forces in the community life.

Cecil Northcott (*New Society*, 26 March 1964) describes this as one of the ideas put into practice by a combined "team ministry" of Presbyterians and Methodists in Notting Hill, one of the flare-point areas in London of racial conflict, slum depression, and delinquency. Another idea is that of house-churches in people's homes, which combine "discussion, worship, sharing of problems and a social occasion." The team also run a kind of counselling clinic in the church vestry, with regular hours, for social and personal problems. Outlets are also provided for young people's energies, too often frustrated by conditions, and include a "coffee bar managed by a man with a genius for prolonged listening to teenagers."

Even the pattern of church services

has altered. The sermon may sometimes be replaced by a kind of question-answer procedure, though "Sunday-best" clothes and manners are still encouraged as a means of maintaining self-respect and morale in slum surroundings. In all these experiments the "personal touch" is well to the fore, and reminds one of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky's definition of charity (in *The Key to Theosophy*) in the late 1880s, when a wave of philanthropic feeling in the country had largely lost its value for lack of

personal exertion for others; *personal* mercy and kindness; *personal* interest in the welfare of those who suffer; *personal* sympathy, forethought and assistance in their troubles or needs.

It matters little what faith people follow, if only they will put its fundamentals into actual practice, instead of merely conforming. This will foster real unity between the faiths far more than any attempt to bring all the congregations into one creedal fold.

The massive sale of cheaper paperbacks helps to encourage the wider omnivorous reading "on which the rigours of higher education should rest," John Burrows writes (*Sunday Times*, London, 22 March 1964). Unfortunately today's students have "prescribed reading" and little else. Indeed few people have "favourite authors" or books as companions.

Using books is part of being educated, but reading them is part of being civilized.

To this we might add a further symptom, induced by present conditions — "Much reading, little thought."
